

Comment
of the
day

Unsatisfactory
ending

THE Government statement on the deportation of ASP John Tsang was a small morsel of information on a subject which has been commanding a great deal of space in local newspapers lately. But beyond repudiating suggestions that several Government officials and policemen were arrested — though the statement does not mention the Services — it tells us little except that five men have been deported and twenty one more are still under detention for other espionage activities.

No one can suggest that the statement will satisfy the majority of people and there is still a wide field for speculation. We do not doubt that a few local newspapers will prove themselves equal to the challenge. The question some are asking is why Tsang was not tried and, if guilty, punished. We are admittedly in the dark about the case, know nothing of the charges or what evidence was available, but we do know this:

JOHN Tsang was a senior member of the Police Force, indeed one of the most senior Chinese Police Officers. In accepting this position he also accepted certain obligations of loyalty, trust and service to the community which grew with his spectacular promotions. These he contemptuously ignored and criminally abused. If we are to accept the full implications of his deportation, he deserves not a free train ride to China — where with his intimate knowledge of Hongkong and the Police Force he can be useful to those directing espionage against the Colony — but a long term in jail.

Britain and America have prosecuted spies in open court. Why not Hongkong? Even if security demanded such complete secrecy, could not the five deported men have been tried in camera, and the public at least given the satisfaction of seeing them put away for a good long stretch in solitary confinement?

'Peking regime a brutal threat to man's struggle' USSR-U.S. CLASH OVER CHINA

Zorin walks out during U.N. debate

United Nations, Dec. 1.
Russia and the United States today clashed in the General Assembly's first-ever substantive debate on who should represent China in the United Nations.

Russia's Mr. Valerian Zorin led a Communist walkout when the Nationalist Chinese representative rose to speak, but returned later to hear Mr. Adlai Stevenson, of the U.S., describe the Peking regime as a "massive brutal threat to man's struggle to better his lot."

Reckless

Communist China's "gigantic power, its reckless ambition, and its unconcern for human values" made it the major world problem, and the U.N. would make a "grave and perhaps irreparable mistake" if it recognized the Peking regime, he said.

Mr. Stevenson said the regime had tried by intimidation, hunger and ceaseless agitation — and through a so-called "communist system, which even allied Communist states view with distaste, to reduce a brilliant and spirited civilization to a culture of military uniformity and iron discipline."

Mr. Zorin, his voice rising to a shout at times, called for the removal of the Nationalist Chinese delegation — representatives of a "miserable clique of apostates which was cast away by the Chinese people and which is alive by scraps from the master's table of the power which guards it."

1st time

Mr. Zorin said Mr. Stevenson had tried to present "ridiculous data" about the situation inside China, but there were many things that could be criticized about the internal affairs of the U.S., such as race relations. But no one had suggested that the U.S. should be excluded from the U.N. because of them.

There were also "bloody traces" of American "adventures" in Cuba but this did not mean that the U.S. should be expelled. The U.S. feared losing Formosa as a military base and losing its "faithful agents" in the various organs of the U.N., he said.

It was the first time the Assembly had debated the question in substance. In previous years the United States had invoked a procedural device barring substantive discussion of the issue for the duration of each Assembly session.

The Americans decided not to repeat this attempt when it became uncertain it would carry. But, informants said there was no likelihood that Peking would be recognized by the U.N. this year, as the issue would have to be determined by a two-third majority, and supporters of Chinese Communist membership could not rally enough votes.

When debate opened this morning, Mr. Valerian Zorin, Soviet Deputy Foreign Minister, called for the immediate removal of the "representatives of the Chiang Kai-shek clique" and described as a "procedural stratagem" a formal proposal by Australia, Colombia, Italy, Japan and the United States that the issue require a two-thirds majority decision rather than a simple majority.

He attacked the "hostile policy" of the United States on the representation question and asserted that the ordinary people of America did not favour their government's "unrealistic policy." Mr. Zorin also scorned the idea of "two Chinas," asking if anybody would have thought of claiming there were two Frances if Marshal Pétain had taken an army to Corsica after the liberation of France in World War II. —Reuter.

THE WEATHER

Forecast for today: Moderate northeasterly winds. Partly cloudy.

At 9 am at the Royal Observatory the temperature was 69 degrees Fahrenheit and the relative humidity 76 per cent.

U.S. NAVY'S 1st WOMAN OFFICER FOR SEA DUTY

San Francisco, Dec. 1.

A shapely, hazel-eyed brunette, the first woman ever assigned to sea duty as a line officer of the U.S. Navy, is all set to begin an 18-month Pacific cruise.

However, she won't be the only woman aboard ship. There will be two nurses and some women passengers.

Lt. Charlene I. Suneson, 27, who bristly ordered a news photographer to "back up" when he tried to take some closeup leg shots, reported on Thursday to the Navy's Treasure Island base in San Francisco Bay.

'OR SOMETHING'

She will report on December 8 to the USS W. A. Mann, expecting assignment as "Assistant Transportation Officer — or something."

"It all began at a cocktail party in San Diego," recalled the University of Chicago graduate, a member of the Waves for the past seven years. "I was talking to a captain and he mentioned I would like to go to sea. And he said 'You're strange' for me." —AP.

AFRICANS MURDER EUROPEAN

Nairobi, Dec. 1.

A gang of Africans today killed an elderly European farm manager and severely injured his wife at Limuru, 20 miles from here.

The couple, a Mr. and Mrs. Wisdom, were taken to hospital with severe head and other injuries, and Mr. Wisdom died soon after admission.

The Africans armed with pangas (large knives) and sticks are believed to have taken part in the raid on the farm the Wisdoms managed. —Reuter.

WANTS MILITARY BASE IN HK CLOSED

London, Dec. 1.

The Economist suggested today that subject to the international situation, Britain should close her military base and establishments in Hongkong in the next five years.

The journal suggested that steps be instituted to recruit local security forces to replace the British fighting forces for Europe.

The suggestion was made in an article on defence in the next five years, written in what the Economist calls a "layman's draft of Defence White Paper for 1962 that Mr. Wat-

kinson, the Minister of Defence, ought to be writing." On overseas bases, the journal said: "A run-down in Britain's overseas garrisons had proceeded apace in recent years. There still are small savings to be made but, even in Hongkong (10,000 men), it is difficult to do more at present because most of the troops are

still required for internal security." But the Economist suggested the Government should close the following military bases and establishments in the next five years: subject to the international situation, Hongkong, Gibraltar, Malta and either Cyprus or Libya. —Reuter.

Royal tour of Sierra Leone ends The Queen presented with a snake and a diamond

Freetown, Dec. 1.
A live boa constrictor and a large uncut diamond worth an estimated £7,000 were Sierra Leone's farewell presents for the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh when they sailed to Gambia tonight.

They left picked out by a spotlight in the gathering darkness as Sir Milton Margai, Sierra Leone's Prime Minister, and other dignitaries watched in silence from the water's edge.

A band softly played "Auld Lang Syne," and the Royal Yacht Britannia headed out into the Atlantic for the 10-day voyage to Bathurst, Gambia — last leg of the four-week royal tour of West Africa.

'Fists instead of explosives' —then uproar

Paris, Dec. 1.

Uproar broke out in the National Assembly tonight when a Gaullist Deputy, M. Roger Souchal, announced that Gaullist deputies were ready to punch their right-wing opponents in the eye, because it was better to fight with the fists than use plastic explosives.

Deputies shouted and banged their desks and the President (Speaker) promptly adjourned the session for dinner.

It is the second night in succession there has been tumult in the Assembly during the second reading of the budget. Yesterday right-wing and UNR deputies came to blows.

CHARGED

The incident arose after a Gaullist deputy had reproached right-wingers for going to the Sante Prison last night to greet ex-deputy Jean Dides, a right-winger who was released on provisional liberty — only to be interned — after being charged with incitement to murder and insulting President de Gaulle.

In response to a right-wing challenge, M. Souchal agreed he had said in the lobbies "we will punch in the faces" of 80 deputies who recently backed an Assembly amendment expressing

Marlene sues magazine

New York, Dec. 1.
Marlene Dietrich is suing the McCall Corporation for US\$2 million damages.

Details were not disclosed, but a spokesman for the actress' attorneys said today that the action was based on an article that appeared in the March, 1960, issue of McCall's magazine. It was entitled "The Dietrich Legend."

Evidence of the suit became known when her attorneys moved in State Supreme Court to have the case placed on the January calendar for trial. —AP.

Threatened life of Robert Kennedy

Washington, Dec. 1.

The Federal Bureau of Investigation announced today the arrest of Mrs. Sylvia Betty Vale, a British woman who immigrated here in 1949, on a charge of threatening the lives of Mr. Robert Kennedy, the Attorney General, and Senator Edmund Muskie, Democrat of Maine.

It was alleged that Mrs. Vale, 45, wrote threatening letters to Senator Muskie, who was then Governor of Maine, in 1957. The FBI said Mr. Kennedy's life was threatened in an anonymous letter posted in 1961.

The letters were traced after agents had examined 60,000 handwritten specimens on entries in a crossword puzzle competition in a Baltimore newspaper. —Reuter.

U.S. indicts Communist party

Washington, Dec. 1.

A Federal grand jury today indicted the Communist Party of the United States on charges of failing to register with the Government as a Soviet-controlled organization in violation of Subversive Activities Control Act of 1950.

The Attorney General, Mr. Robert Kennedy, announced the indictment after it was returned in a Federal district court here.

The deadline for registration by the Party expired on November 20. The Justice Department, however, decided to wait until a deadline — midnight last night — for registration by the Party's officers had passed before taking any action against the Party itself.

Today's indictment could possibly be the start of another long court battle between the Government and the Party. The Supreme Court last June 5 ended a 10-year civil case by

voting 9 to 4 that the Party must register under the 1950 act. —Reuter.

RESEARCH MAKES THE DIFFERENCE

SONY

462

STEREOPHONIC



STEREOPHONIC
MAGNETIC
TAPES
RECORDING
SYSTEM
RESEARCH
MAKES
THE
DIFFERENCE

U.S. model 21A71, 110-220V AC, 50/60 cycles.
• 1000 new tapes 60 sec. 10,000 ea.
• 1000 new tapes 1500 ea.
• 2-track 1000 ea.
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AVAILABLE AT ALL LEADING RADIO DEALERS

NEW YORK

Boeing 707 jets — your Palaces in the Skies.
Soft lighting, music, select menus, choicest wines.
Gala buffets, champagne, dancing, hot shows.
EXTRAORDINARY — the only dining room in
New York.



KING'S BROADWAY

— OPENING TO-DAY —
AT 2.30, 5.10, 7.30 & 9.40 P.M.
(Please note change of time)



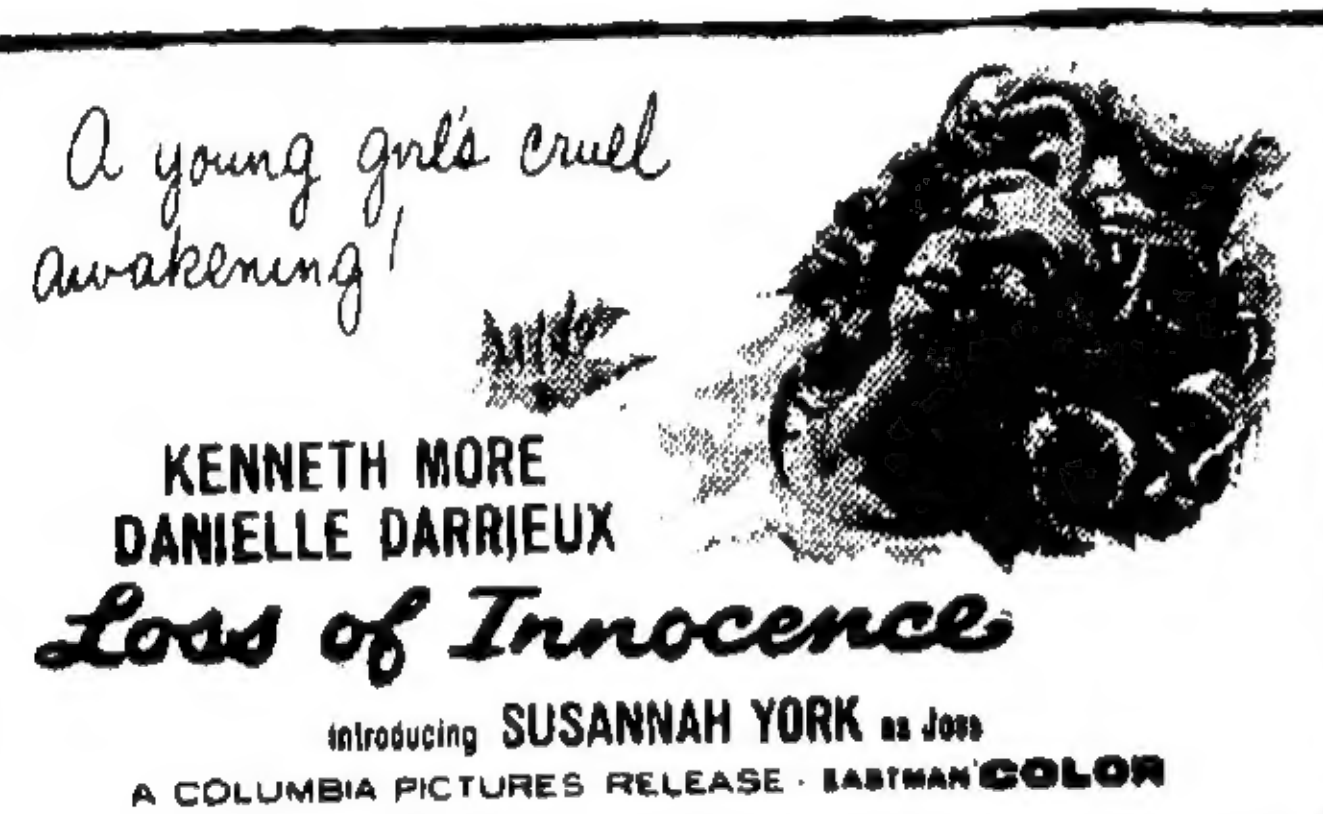
ROBERT ROSEN — RICHARD BURTON — FREDRIC MARCH — CLAIRE BLOOM
ALEXANDER THE GREAT
WITH DANIELLE DARRIEUX WRITTEN, PRODUCED AND DIRECTED BY ROBERT ROSEN
RELASED THRU UNITED ARTISTS

SUNDAY MORNING SHOWS:

KING'S: At 11.00 a.m. 3 Stooges & Cartoons.
At 12.15 p.m. MERRY ANDREW
BROADWAY: At 11.00 a.m. The Golden Age of Comedy.
At 12.30 p.m. ROCK AROUND THE CLOCK

SHAW CIRCUIT
HOOVER GALA

— GRAND OPENING TO-DAY —
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



To-morrow Special Matinee, At Reduced Admission
Gala 11.00 a.m. Universal Int. COLOUR CARTOONS
12.30 p.m. Red Skelton in "EXCUSE MY DUST"
Hoover 11.00 a.m. Paramount Film COLOUR CARTOONS
12.30 p.m. Elvis Presley in "KING CREOLE"

ORIENTAL RITZ

FINAL SHOWING
To-day 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30
SUSPENSE! BREATHAKING!



Commencing To-morrow
"TEXAS JOHN SLAUGHTER"
Morning Show Tomorrow 12.30
"REAR THE WILD WIND"

— SHOWING TO-DAY —
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



MONSTER OF THE AGES!
WARLORD OF CRETE
The Wild Den of Crete
Tomorrow 12.30 p.m.
"THE BOLD & THE BRAVE"

CAPITOL SKY

— TO-DAY —
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

Mylene Demongeot
Rosanna Schiaffino in
"LUSTY NIGHT IN ROME"

To-Morrow At 12.30 p.m.
STEVE REEVES in
"THE GIANT OF MARATHON"

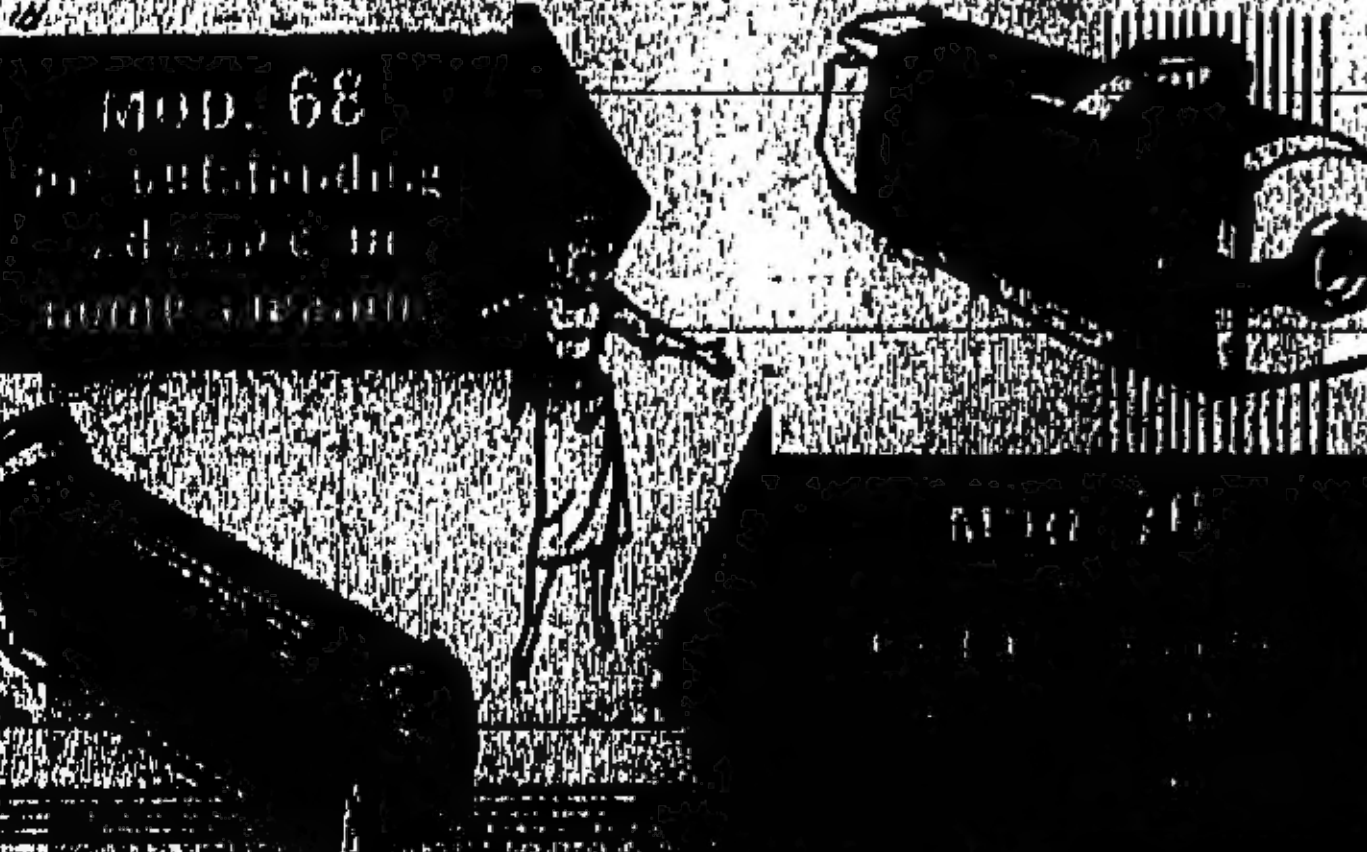
SHOWING TO-DAY
At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.



To-Morrow 11 a.m.
Fox All Colour Cartoons

Electrolux

VACUUM CLEANERS

FILMS CURRENT & COMING
by ANTHONY FULLER

John Wayne, Ina Balin, and Stuart Whitman, in a scene from "The Comancheros." (Roxy & Majestic) 20th Century-Fox.

THE LAW AND
THE LAWLESS

THE Comancheros (Roxy & Majestic) is a tale of the old rugged West and the exploits of a band of gun runners who are wiped out by the Texas Rangers.

Incidental to all this is a love affair and a rousing fight against the Comanches, a blood thirsty tribe of Red Indians.

Needless to say, this Cinemascope and De Luxe colour epic has all the traditional clichés.

Beautiful good girl with a wicked father; good-looking ruthless barbaric character who reforms in time to turn the tide of battle; chunky giant brave man, loyal Texan, who never gets the pretty girl; plus all the trimmings.

Once again Tombstone in Arizona goes up in smoke, and amidst the final holocaust, the Red Indians get more than their feathers ruffled.

Well, it's all great fun with plenty of excitement, a natural, you might say, for the downstairs customers.

Big John Wayne swaggers through the film, a little worried now and again, especially when he finds he has reformed gambler Stuart Whitman on his hands.

To complicate matters, Ina Balin is there as a charming adventuress, but she is a good girl at heart.

But all's well that ends well, and this gay and exciting picture will send you home conscious of having enjoyed a good night at the pictures.

Years ago, it was claimed that women were forced upon the streets by poverty. Undoubtedly many were, but contemporary circumstances have proved that in an affluent society, there are thousands of girls who prefer selling themselves, to earning a living in more conventional professions.

Girl of the Night (Lee & Princess) in spite of its "catching" advertising is not presented, so the producers say, as entertainment, but as a clinical study of girls with love for sale.

Authenticity is lent to the subject, because the film is based upon Dr Harold Greenwald's book, "The Call Girl," which claims to be a psychological study of prostitutes.

This is a little hard to understand, because it seems that the director, Joseph Cates, gets so interested in the story that he leaves the psychological asides to the imagination of the audience.

For instance, why does Bible of the film go into the game? It is established that she is of a good family. Circumstances, neither economic nor brutal, force her into the profession, and apart from a little arm twisting by her pimp there is no reason why she should stay in the game.

Having established the subject for what it is, it remains only to say that this film is cut in front of the others of similar trend.

Anne Francis renders an extremely sensitive performance as Bobbie, the girl who



Anne Francis

LURID DRAMA

IF the current rash of films dealing with the private lives of girls on the game is any guide, we must assume that a large section of the cinema-going public is inordinately interested in a peep-behind-the-scenes at the oldest profession.

A BEEF FROM ARGENTINE

Producer Harold Hecht is far away in Salta, Argentina, some 800 miles from Buenos Aires, making a colour film of the Nickel Gogol classic, *Taras Bulba*, which describes the Cossacks' fight for freedom some 400 years ago.

Since they have been there, I have received three air mail letters from Mr Hecht. Whether he despairs of getting back, I don't know, but as if this huge film with a star cast with thousands of extras to look after, plus millions of dollars of equipment, were not enough, he finds he has difficulties brought about by the late Peron Government.

He writes, "...and they (the Argentine Government) jealously guard every incoming piece of equipment, for fear it will be sold without import payment."

"Argentines will tell you that Dictator Juan Peron, when he fled the country took more than eight hundred million dollars. They speculate in which country Peron will spend his loot."

Further on, "Tony Curtis and Yul Brynner have gone Chucho-style when they came along. The stars being guests of Argentine host to describe, built a fire in the night, so that it will be reduced to a pile of coals in time of peace. A special bill over the embargo to make the tanks for fuel."

"What would be a really great film in the States is commonplace here with the finest cast of over 500 stars. A colour picture of the Argentine Revolution, the story of the fight for freedom and justice. The director's vision for which he has fought and died. Only a few more years."

turns prostitute and keeps her pimp lover in luxurious surroundings in a manner to which he has become accustomed.

It is after Miss Francis is beaten up, an occupational hazard, that she goes to psychiatrist Lloyd Nolan, with the intention of resuming a normal life.

Another good performance is that of Kay Medford as the cynical madame, while John Kerr is perfect as the slimy pimp of Miss Francis.

A smaller role worth watching is that of Eileen Fulton as the bedeviled college girl out on the spree for thrills.

While it cannot be held for a moment that this film explains, which it claims to do, the reason why girls go wrong. It is, nevertheless, a lurid drama of call girls, their occupation, and their professional hazards.



Kenneth More befriends Susannah York in scene from "Loss of Innocence." (Hoover & Gala) Columbia release.

NEW FILMS AT A GLANCE

QUEEN'S - ROYAL - STATE: "One-eyed Jack" as ex-collared western, built around two friends, a betrayal and a long savage feud, bank hold-ups, gun-fights and a girl, Marlon Brando, Karl Malden, and Fina Paffleur, Nina Faxon and Josephine.

KING'S & BROADWAY: "Alexander the Great" Spectacular presentation of the man who bestrode the world. Richard Burton, Fredric March, and Claire Bloom. Cinemascope and Technicolor.

ROXY & MAJESTIC: "The Comancheros." Concerned with the exploits of a secret kingdom of killers.

QUEEN'S - ROYAL - STATE: "The Slave" Romantic romance with Troy Donahue and Constance Stevens in love again. Also Dorothy McGuire and Lloyd Nolan.

KING'S & BROADWAY: "Master of the World" Jules Verne story about a mad scientist and his globe-trotting adventures.

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ONE FOR THE
LADIES

LOSS of Innocence, (Hoover & Gala) known to English film-goers as *The Greengate Summer*, deals with that stage of life when youth crosses the shadow line between childhood and adolescence.

Under Lewis Gilbert's direction, the bitter sweet tale of the inevitable loss of innocence is a hauntingly beautiful thing, violently punctuated by episodes of brutality and violence.

This is cleverly done by taking a family from Bexhill-on-Sea, surely one of the most respectable places in England, and setting them down in France, where among glorious scenery, the sad-sweet tale is told.

Loss of Innocence is based upon Rumer Godden's famous novel, *The Greengate Summer*. It is finely photographed in Technicolor, and is concerned with a sixteen-year-old girl, who while holidaying in France with her young sisters, finds her feel sexually, and heavily tramples on a modern Raffles and his mistress.

The picture covers that short period between girlhood and womanhood, tenderly, incisively, and skilfully. Susannah York contributes a minor tour de force as the adolescent Jose.

The finale leaves her in the position of becoming either an understanding young woman or an unmitigated young tramp.

Danielle Darrieux evokes genuine pathos as Zizi, who fights a losing battle all the way against youth.

Kenneth More handles the Raffles role, and exudes charm and cynicism all over the place as the gentleman crook-cum-heartbreaker.

The "Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned" angle is exploited to the hilt, while the mystery surrounding Ken More heightens the tension of the film.

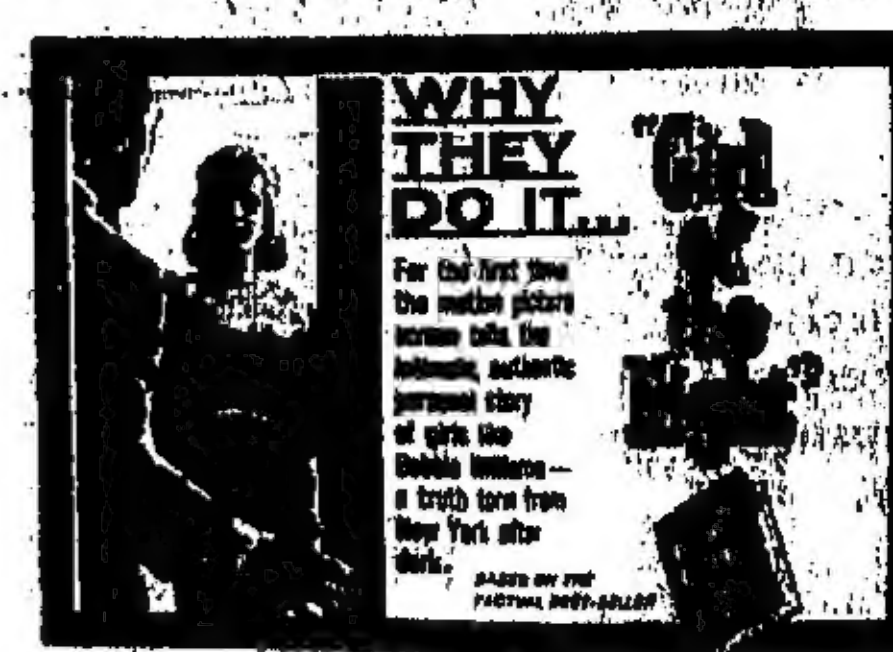
The rape incident is not forced upon the story, and as a contrasting theme gives greater depth to the picture.

Meanwhile, all this is played against visits to Rheims Cathedral and the famous Pommery Green Champagne caves.

Loss of Innocence is undoubtedly a picture of immense charm and sincerity, with great feminine appeal.

LEE-PRINCESS

NOW SHOWING
At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.



ANNE FRANCIS, LLOYD NOLAN, KAY MEDFORD, JOHN KERR

Censor's Directive: Not Suitable for Children

Morning & Matinee Shows To-morrow (Reduced Prices)

LEE: 11.00 a.m. COLOUR CARTOONS
12.30 p.m. John Wayne in "RIO BRAVO"
PRINCESS: 11.00 a.m. W-B COLOUR CARTOONS
12.30 p.m. Alan Ladd "Guns of Timberland"

ROXY & MAJESTIC

SHOWING TO-DAY

Owing to length of picture please note change of times:
AT 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.40 P.M.

YOU'VE SEEN LAST YEAR'S BIG SUCCESS
"NORTH TO ALASKA"

NOW BIGGER & BETTER... FROM 20th CENTURY-FOX!



ROXY: To-morrow At 12.00 Noon
"JOURNEY TO THE CENTRE OF THE EARTH"
MAJESTIC: To-morrow At 12.30 p.m. "BATTLE OF THE VALLEY"

Astor Theatre

TO-NIGHT AT 7.45 P.M.

SUN LAI SING CANTONESE OPERA

"THE LOVE OF A PRINCESS"

陽斷望夫雲

ADMISSIONS \$3.00—\$12.80

HONG KONG STAGE CLUB

"FIVE FINGER EXERCISE"



ST. JOHN'S CATHEDRAL

FINAL PERFORMANCE

Tickets \$

SPACECHIMP PASSED STIFF TESTS

Cape Canaveral, Dec. 1. America's space chimpanzee, Enos, who circled the earth twice on Wednesday in a Mercury capsule, returned here today, hale and hearty.

Officials said that according to the preliminary information, a man could have taken a trip of the same duration without any difficulty. Enos had passed extremely extensive physical examination.

Interesting

They said it was interesting that during part of the journey when Enos weighed close to 200 pounds, or six times his normal weight, he performed his tasks perfectly.

Enos arrived from Bermuda, where he was taken following his flight and will stay here, probably until this weekend. He will then be taken to his home "colony," Holloman Air Force Base.—Reuter.

Tornado strikes

New York, Dec. 1. A violent tornado swept Barranquilla, Colombia today, causing the death of three people with one person reported missing. The streets of the city were turned into roaring torrents. A public service truck was swept away by the water and its occupants were drowned.—AFP.

Puppy wasn't impressed

New York, Dec. 1. A man walked into the public library in nearby Eastchester and placed a tattered book on the librarian's desk.

"How much do I owe for a new copy?" he asked the librarian. "My puppy chewed this one up."

The sympathetic librarian decided the book could be rebound for \$1.50. The name of the book? "Sports Illustrated's Book Of Dog Training."—AP.

CURRENCY BEHAVES STRANGELY

London, Dec. 1. World currency markets behaved strangely today. Sterling, the dollar and the West German D-mark all turned easy.

Sterling eased all day, ending at slightly below \$2.81 for spot. Forward sterling eased additionally, to two cents discount for three months' delivery.

Fantastic rumours went as far as a report from Chicago of an imminent British general election. This was news to London.

Partly as a technical effect of the ease of sterling, the dollar turned weak in continental Europe, except Germany.—Reuter.

TSHOMBE 'UNSTABLE,' U THANT SAYS

Katanga regime losing control, Linner says

United Nations, Dec. 1. The Chief of the U.N. operation in the Congo said today that the Tshombe regime in Katanga is losing control of the forces unleashing violence in the breakaway province.

Mr. Sture Linner, the Swedish Officer-in-Charge of U.N. Congo Forces, said President Moise Tshombe may soon reach a point where he cannot change his policy away from violence and toward peaceful collaboration with the United Nations.

He said in a report to headquarters that elements of Mr. Tshombe's military forces and of the civil population "may initiate further hostilities against the United Nations."

WARNING

Mr. Linner warned that if Katanga's policy of violence continues, the ceasefire agreement with the United Nations "will cease to exist."

He said in that event the U.N. force "will be compelled to employ all legitimate and available measures of force necessary to defend themselves and to carry out its mandate in the Congo."—UPI.

To lay plans for carrying out Council's demand

United Nations, Dec. 1. U Thant, Secretary-General of the United Nations, today described President Moise Tshombe of Katanga as "a very unstable man" who was "capable of making any statements."

Conor O'Brien released from U.N. post

Dr. Conor Cruise O'Brien, U.N. Representative, has been released from his assignment with the International Secretariat, at the request of the Irish Foreign Office, it was announced today.

The announcement came a few hours before Dr. O'Brien had been scheduled, according to reports, to return to Leinster.

He was summoned back to New York last month for consultations with U Thant, the acting Secretary-General. Dr. O'Brien, who became a controversial figure after the U.N.'s disastrous military operation in September aimed at the disarming of foreign mercenaries, was a personal assistant to the Irish Foreign Minister, Mr. Frank Aiken, before he joined the world organisation.

Officials here said that Mr. Aiken, who currently is heading the Irish delegation to the General Assembly, had requested U Thant to release Dr. O'Brien from his U.N. contract which, it was understood, was for two years.—Reuter.

15 injured in clash

Santo Domingo, Dec. 1. Fourteen women and a man were slightly injured when soldiers threw anti-riot grenades in this Dominican Republic city today to make groups of women disperse.

According to some reports, a horde of soldiers were scoffed at by the groups of women, who were calling on people to stop work and join a strike.

The soldiers threw the grenades and fragments caused the injuries, it was reported.—Reuter.

Attractive help for busy men

London, Dec. 1. Twelve attractive secretaries have launched a rescue service for London businessmen in distress.

They will tour London daily in a bus equipped with radio telephone, their note-books and portable typewriters, ready to rush to the aid of any businessman who is under with correspondence, brought up by a large London secretarial bureau, was started by Sir George Joy, former governor of the British island of St. Helena.

It will operate initially from two London main-line railway stations.—China Mail Special.

Research help for Japan

Montreal, Dec. 1. Aluminium Ltd. announced today that its research subsidiary, Aluminium Laboratories Ltd., had signed a 15-year contract with Alcan Asia Ltd. and Sumitomo Light Metal Industries Ltd. of Japan, to provide technical assistance to Sumitomo through Alcan Asia.

Aluminium Laboratories has laboratories in Kingston, Ontario, Arvida, Quebec, and Banbury, England. Alcan Asia has its head office in Hongkong and sales offices throughout Asia. Sumitomo is one of Japan's largest aluminium makers.

The contract was signed in Montreal by Mr. H. H. Richardson, President of Aluminium Laboratories, Mr. J. Boetsch, President of Alcan Asia, and Mr. Sue Tanaka, President of Sumitomo Light Metal Industries.—Reuter.

A Northern Ireland bus was blown up at Tullymore, County Fermanagh, near the border with the Irish republic, shortly after dark last night.

Six men in battledress, armed with rifles and machine guns, ordered the driver, conductor and 12 passengers out and put a bomb inside the vehicle.—China Mail Special.

Bus blown up in Ireland

Belfast, Dec. 1. A Northern Ireland bus was blown up at Tullymore, County Fermanagh, near the border with the Irish republic, shortly after dark last night.

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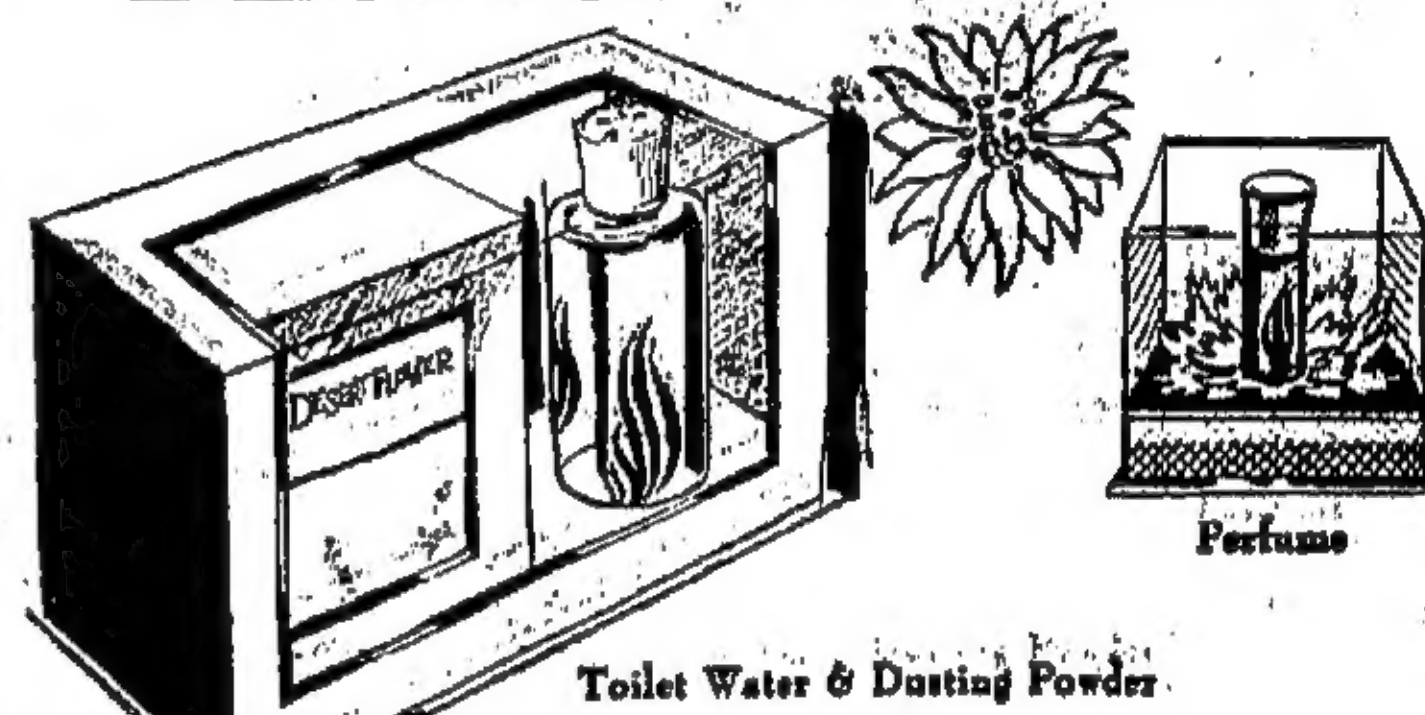
She'll remember this day every day

with *Community* PLATE

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World pictorial



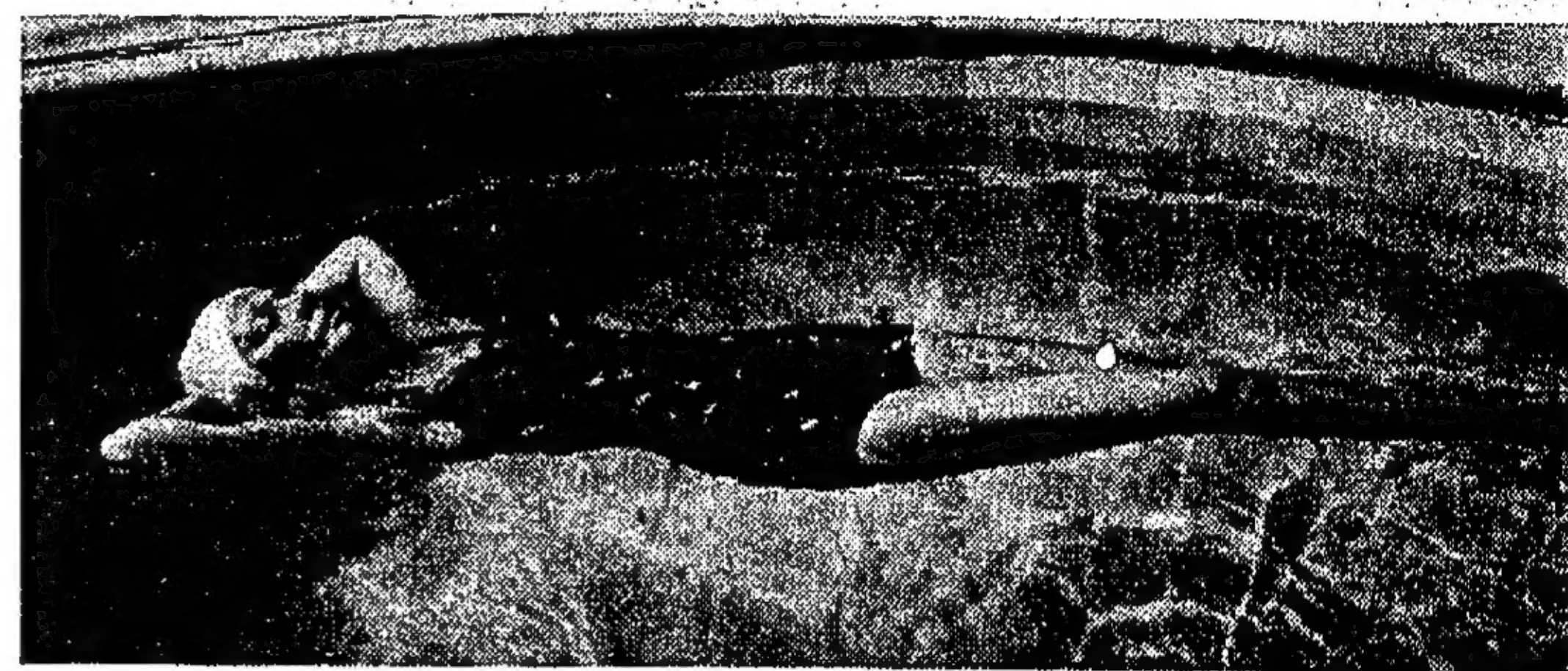
ABOVE: John Surtees, former world champion motor cyclist, and his 22-year-old fiancée, Patricia Burke of Southampton, after leaving Buckingham Palace, where John received the M.B.E. for his services to the sport. The Queen Mother, on behalf of the Queen (who is away on her African tour), made the investiture, John Surtees, aged 26, is still a speed-man, but he has changed to racing cars.

★ ★ ★

LEFT: The Queen, smiling broadly, is welcomed in Monrovia, capital of Liberia, by President Tubman, Head of State. With dinner on the royal yacht and a fireworks display over the harbour, The Queen's one-day visit has been described in Monrovia as the most impressive ever paid by a Head of State.



ABOVE: The tense audience of bidders and onlookers at the "Art Sale of the Century" in New York. On the left is Rembrandt's "Aristotle contemplating the bust of Homer" being held up for inspection. From his rostrum on the right, auctioneer Louis J. Marion runs the bidding up to 2,300,000 dollars.



ABOVE: A bathing costume which "doubles" as a life-jacket has been developed in Honolulu, and is now on sale in the U.S.A., under the name "Floatmaster." The swimsuit is made of a material containing a plastic called "ensolite," and a swimmer wearing a "Floatmaster" can float on the surface of the water almost indefinitely.

★ ★ ★

BELOW: An impressive exhibition entitled "Youth Sees Indivisible Germany" has been opened in Berlin. In the picture a young visitor is looking at the work of an 18-year-old schoolboy. This figure made of metal and barbed wire, shows symbolically how the Germans are trying to unite, but are separated by the barbed wire from one another.



ABOVE: Princess Alexandra watching the air divers at the Mikimoto pearl farm, off Toba Island. There she was presented with a double-stranded cultured pearl necklace.

★ ★ ★

RIGHT: Delegates from all over the world, gathered in New Delhi for the Third Assembly of the World Council of Churches, marched in procession for a service of worship held in a specially erected shamiana in the grounds of Vigyan Bhavan. Picture shows the Russian delegates arriving for prayers.



ABOVE: Rush-hour crowds in any capital city are squeezed like sardines in a can when they go to and from work, whether it be on London's Underground, the Paris Metro, or New York's Subway. The porters shout "there's always room for one more" as they continue to pack the passengers in, but there's no such thing as room for one more when they pack 'em in at Shinjuku Station, Tokyo, Japan.

★ ★ ★



ABOVE: A banquet in honour of Prince Moulay Abdallah of Morocco and his new bride, Lania Solh, was given by the Governor of Casablanca. Seen here are, from left: the mother and grandmother of Lania; Prince Moulay Abdallah, Princess Lania Solh; and Krim Belkacem, Minister of the Interior and vice-president of G. P. R. A.

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Carlsberg

KEEPS YOU SMILING

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BY IAN FLEMING
DRAWING BY JOHN WILKINSON

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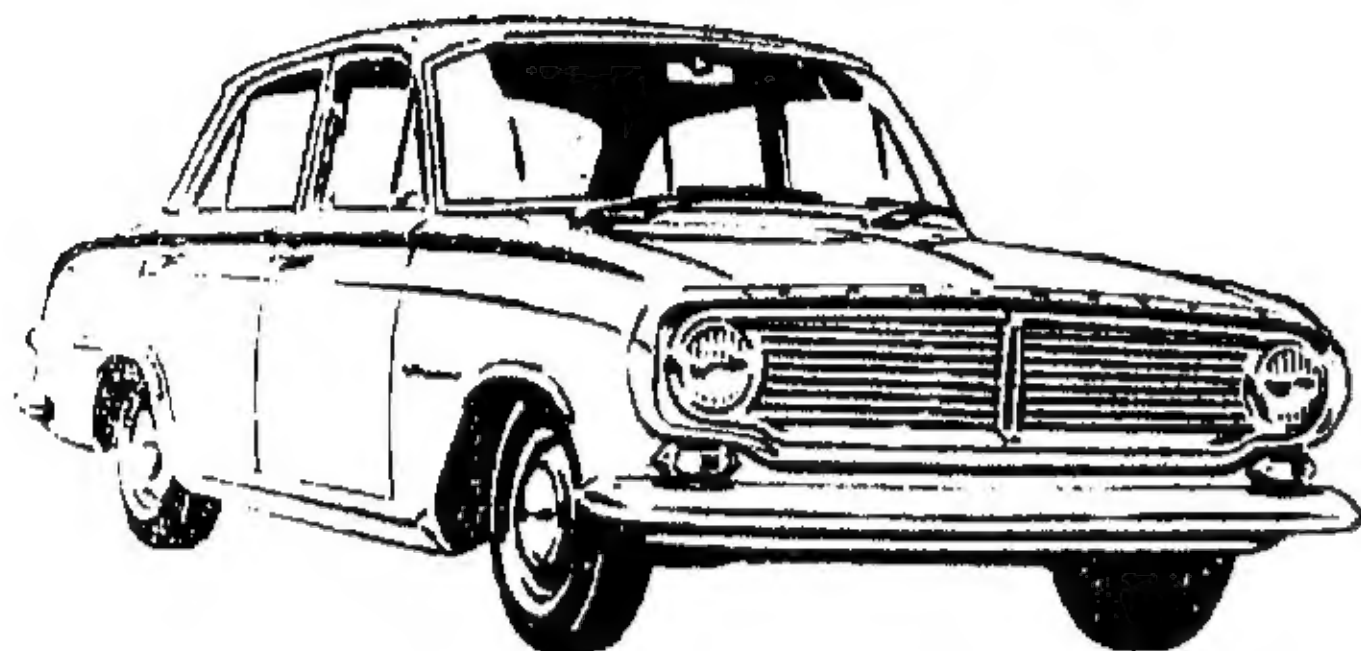
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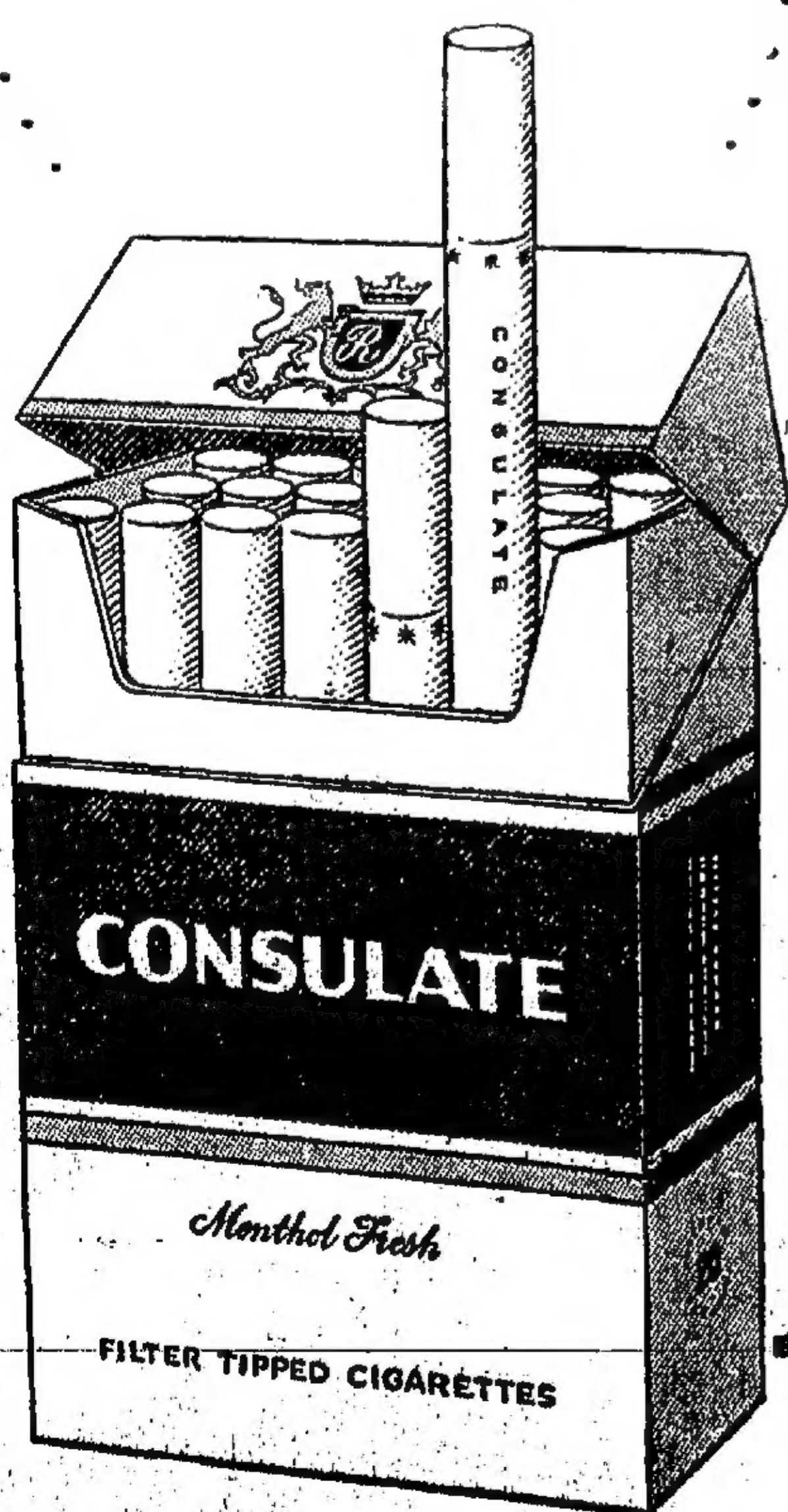
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JACOBY on BRIDGE

NORTH 11	
♠ Q 5 2	
♥ 10 7 4	
♦ K Q 8 2	
♣ A 10 8	
WEST (D)	
♠ A 8 4	
♥ A J	
♦ 10 4	
♣ K J 9 7 3 2	
EAST	
♠ J 10 7 6	
♥ Q 8	
♦ J 8 8 3	
♣ 6 5 4	
SOUTH	
♠ K 6 5	
♥ K Q 8 6 3 2	
♦ A 7 6	
♣ Q	

North and South vulnerable
West North East South
1 ♠ Pass 1 ♦ 1 ♥
2 ♣ 3 ♥ Pass 4 ♥
Pass Pass Pass
Opening lead—♦ 10

At both tables South reached a doubtful four-heart contract. West opened the ten of diamonds. South won in dummy and let the ten of hearts ride to West's jack.

One West led a second diamond. South won in his own hand and led the queen of clubs. West covered with the king. Dummy won with the ace and a second heart lead found West in an end play. A club lead would set up dummy's 10-

spot. A spade lead would give declarer two spade tricks. At the other table West saw the danger of that end play and after taking his look of hearts, called the ace also before leading a second diamond. His idea was good, but South found a way to make the hand anyway.

South won the diamond with his ace, led a diamond to dummy, ruffed dummy's last diamond and ran out all his trumps.

On the last trump lead West had to let a spade go in order to hang on to the king and jack of clubs.

Now South let the last club, except the ace, go from dummy and led the five of spades. West ducked, but South rose with dummy's queen; led the suit back and played low. West had to take his ace and this South had also made his contract.

♥-CARD Sense♦♦

Q—The bidding has been:
North East South West
2 ♥ Pass 2 ♣ Pass
3 ♠ Pass ?

You, South, hold:
♠ K Q 10 8 7 ♥ 2 ♦ K 5 4 ♣ 8 5 4 3

What do you do?
A—Bid four spades only. If there is a slam in the hand your partner will find another bid.

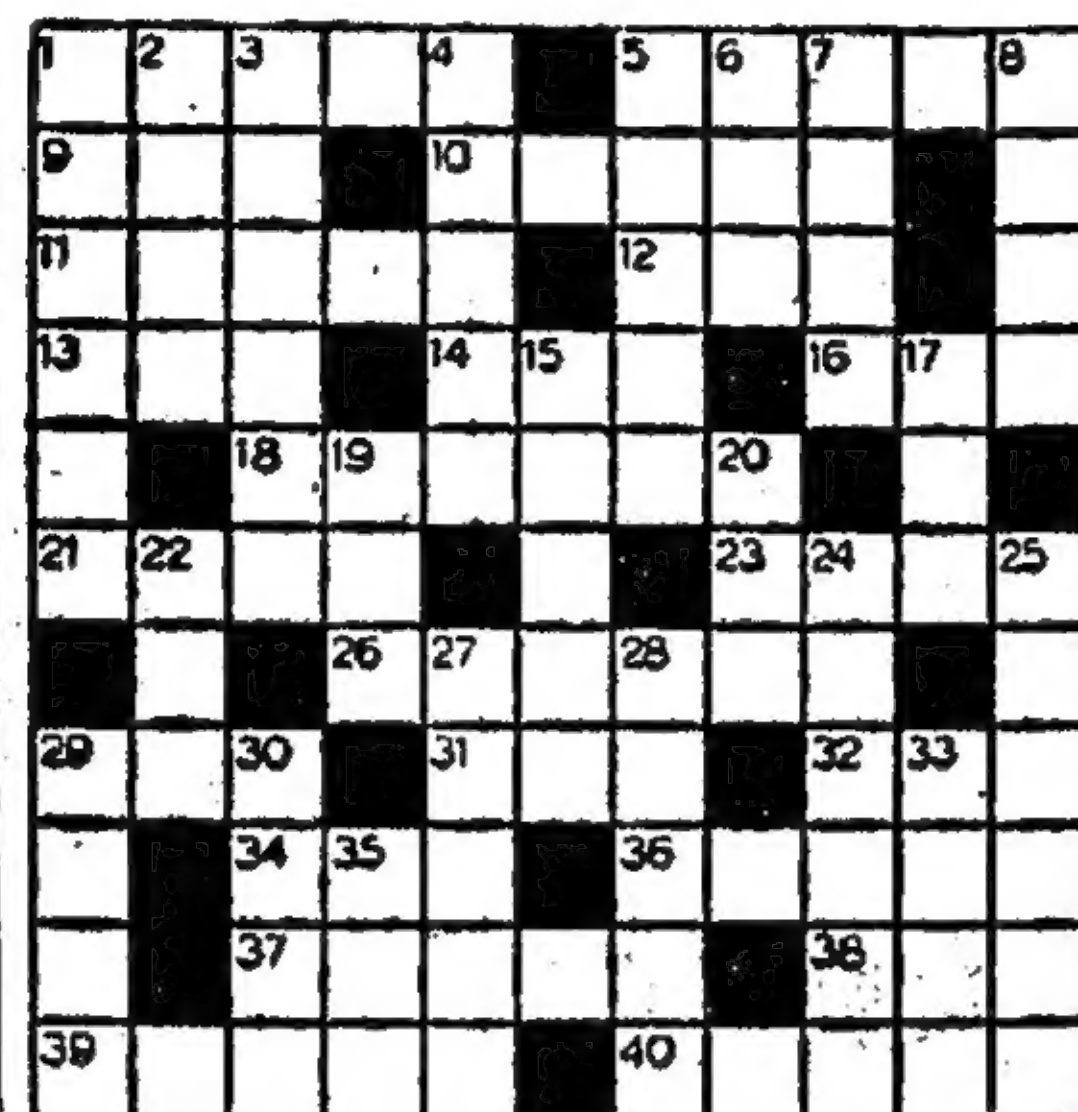
TODAY'S QUESTION

Again you have responded two spades to your partner's opening two heart bid and he has raised you to three spades. This time you hold:
♠ K Q 10 8 7 ♥ 2 ♦ K 5 4 ♣ K Q J 3

What do you do?

Answer on Monday.

A BRITISH W CROSS R D PUZZLE



ACROSS
1. Tries to get the Ashes
5. Throws into tall
9. Edge
10. Best
11. Originate
12. Wonder
13. He might help a lame duck
14. Pale
15. Attempt to obtain justice
16. Holiday
17. Was un-

DOWN
1. A mind
2. Republic
3. Strikes
4. Hotchpotches
5. Carrier bird
6. Dejected
7. Assist
8. Oscillate
9. Housewife
10. Pull apart
11. Put away
12. Drive in an animal
13. Be indebted
14. Last men

YESTERDAY'S CROSSWORD

Across: 3 Shudder, 7 Pirate, 8 Rancour, 9 Chit, 11 Skip, 12 Paint, 15 Then, 16 Troy, 17 Rends, 18 Boot, 19 Horn, 21 Carrier, 22 Beards, 23 Saddles.
Down: 1 Spar, 2 Bracken, 3 Strip, 4 Heat, 5 Dictator, 6 Rarity, 10 Hindered, 11 She, 13 Runers, 14 Noi, 15 Trucks, 18 Bore, 19 Hebe, 20 Tusk.



Me always use Hermes 3000
—me like flying margin

It had to happen. But I feel a tinge of autumn sadness, all the same, as I announce the end of another legend: the legend of Monte Carlo.

You know how it goes. A comic-opera principality, entirely depending on the great glittering Casino, where bored, pallid croupiers are for ever raking in some reckless nobleman's inheritance.

The ruined aristocrat leaves the tables with a smile, nodding to elegantly-gowned, beautiful women.
But outside, in the warm velvet darkness of the terrace overlooking the yacht-filled bay, a shot breaks the silence.

Take a look

And over the whole romantic scene broods the figure of a great financier; the man whose word is really law, the power behind the throne, the real gold behind the glitter.

Today the legend casts Aristotle Onassis, the Greek shipping tycoon, the part in the drama.

A lovely legend. But take a look at the books of the

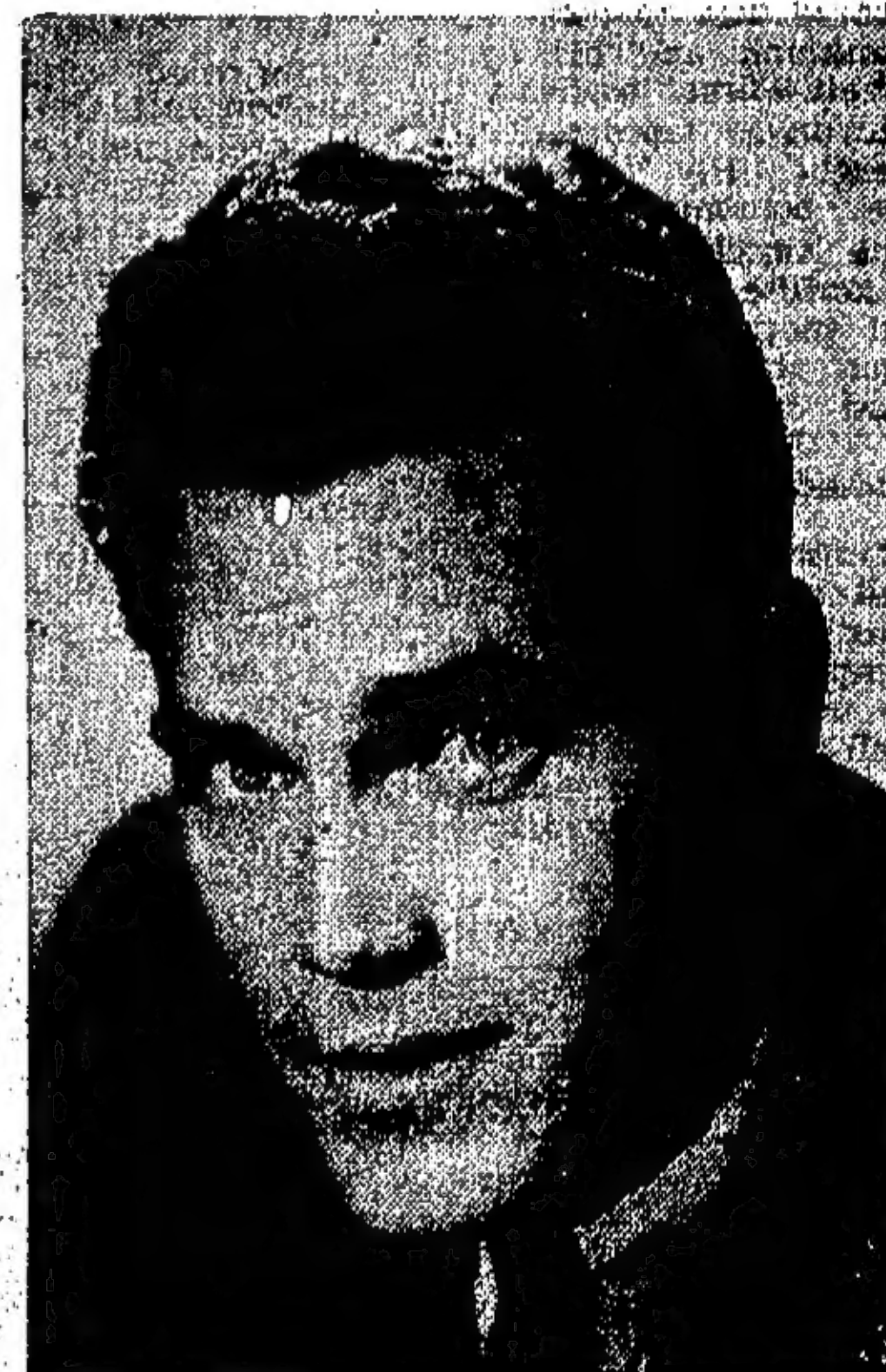
Principality of Monaco, and of the casino company.
Bang goes the legend!
The casino company is the quality named Société des Bains de Mer et du Cercle des Étrangers à Monaco.
Once upon a time this Society for "Bathing and Foreigners' Circle" did, from the wealth pouring into the casinos and hotels, pay for Monaco's roads, gas, electricity, its gardens, orchestras and operas—and its palaces and its prince too.
Not so today.

Last word

The Seabathing Society now provides less than four per cent of Monaco's revenue, though it does, of course, still attract tourists.
And the super-financier, alas, is now only a legend too. Once upon a time the man who

drawn from the rest of the cast. He was not allowed to drink or smoke, attend parties, or in any other way mingle or relax with his colleagues.
The effect of Hunter appearing as the Christ had an enormous effect among the peasants of Spain where the film was made.
On one occasion, when appearing in the sermon on the Mount scene, as Hunter stood to address the assembled multitude, a crowd of peasants, so awed at the scene knelt in reverence as Hunter spoke.
No date has yet been fixed when "King of Kings" will be screened in Hongkong.

JEFFREY
HUNTER
WHO
PLAYS
THE
MOST
SACRED
ROLE
IN
MOVIE
HISTORY



A controversial portrayal —THE PEASANTS KNELT IN REVERENCE

By ANTHONY FULLER

With the launching of "King of Kings" last week in London, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer simultaneously released pictures of Jeffrey Hunter in the role of the Christ.

MONTE CARLO DON'T BE FOOLED BY THE LEGEND—IT'S NOT JUST A CASINO...

by
Richard Kilian

owned the largest number of shares in the casino company old-wield enormous power over the land—all Monaco's 325 acres—and its population, of 21,000, too.
No longer.
Onassis, the nearest Monaco gets to a super-financier today, is said to hold 420,000 out of the million shares issued by the casino company. This would make him the largest single shareholder, but still 80,001 shares short of control.

Even if he persuaded some of the 10,000 "other" shareholders to sell out to him, he could still not be Monaco's overlord in the old style.
For Prince Rainier III, in law, the last word over everything in Monaco.

It would in any case seem unlikely that a sharp business man like Onassis would increase his holding.

For in the year which ended on June 31 the Society showed a gross profit before dividends were declared, of £132,500 from a gross income of £2,630,000.

The shareholders received £89,200 in dividends. Onassis would have got roughly £37,000 of that—about 1s. 9d. a share, or a yield of under three per cent on the present price of £15s. a share.

Monaco is now playing for a new market—the business man, the big firms and anyone else attracted by Monaco's better-than-gambling attraction—low taxes.

Both corporation taxes and personal income tax are low. And so the tax-dodgers flock into the new blocks of flats, the skyscrapers, the office blocks which Monaco eagerly offers.

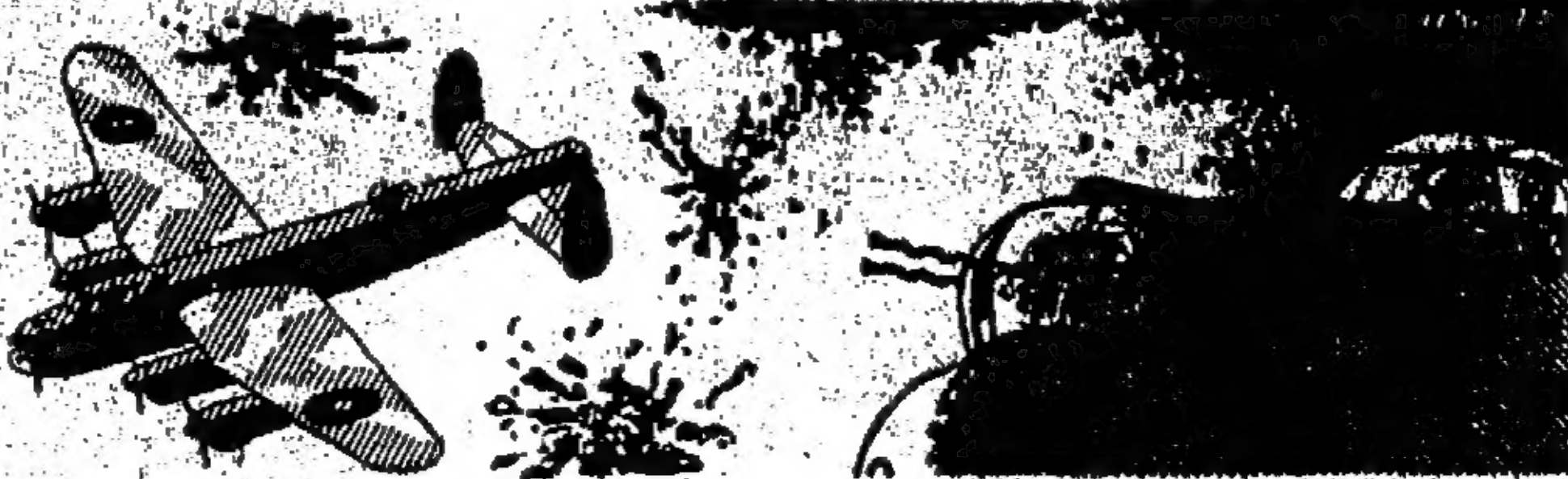
Every tax-dodging business and individual means more to Monaco than a quick take at the Casino.

"They are our new tourists," say the Monaco people. "But they stay all the year round..."
(London Express Service)

DRIVE-IN bingo sessions are to start soon in a suburb of New York. Instead of calling out "Bingo," winning drivers will have to sound their car horns.
MR HAROLD SMITH, 15 children's father, is a member of the MA AND Staffordshire council. He said he had 15 children, 10 boys and 5 girls, but it's not true. The father is necessary to get a licence to have a 10th child.
MRS BETTE EASTERN, 47, of Birmingham, who weighs 415, caught a 10lb blue shark off Barry Head, Devon.

BOMBING OFFENSIVE

THE HEROES SPEAK



When they didn't come back...

THE Lancaster bomber in the Imperial War Museum is as extinct as a dinosaur. Yet most of the men who flew in them and survived are still in their prime.

One former navigator, Noble Frankland, for example, is at 39 the museum's director. He was also—with the late Sir Charles Webster—author of the official history *The Strategic Air Offensive Against Germany* which has renewed interest and controversy over the war in the air.

Only one sentence in the four-volume history derives directly from his own experience, Dr Frankland will now say.

This states that at the end of the mass assaults on Berlin early in 1944 the morale of Bomber Command, which had suffered appalling losses, was unbroken. That had been the first impression of Flying Officer "Bunny" Frankland when he joined his squadron in Lincolnshire.

But worse was to come. Before Frankland and his crew flew their first sortie the squadron was ordered to Nuremberg. He had helped load the bombers with incendiary bombs and strips of incendiary bombs. The next morning the realisation began that Bomber Command had that night been mauled. More than 100 bombers had been destroyed.

Now, for the first time, Frankland began to miss familiar faces in the mess and notice empty chairs at breakfast. He was, he recalls, "very upset" but followed the tradition that losses should generally be spoken of frivo-

You could remark, he says, "I've calculated that according

to the law of average we were killed three weeks ago," but you had to say it as a joke. To discuss the war in the mess was a breach of etiquette.

COMFORT

Like thousands of other young men committed to the bombing offensive, Frankland drew comfort and a sense of security from his crew. "Each crew was a tightly-knit social clique. If you had to fly with another crew you felt extremely uncomfortable."

Looking back, Dr Frankland realises that in fact, he and the six other men in his Lancaster had no common interests. He himself had been reading history at Trinity College, Oxford, and, if he lived, might hope for an academic career. But for the war he and the others would never have met, yet the bond between them was strong.

The pilot was Murray Milne, a New Zealand apple-grower, "who was 26 and, we thought, a very old man." Dr Frankland describes him with affection: "He was rather bald and had wings of hair sticking out at his temples, rather like a distinguished conductor."

DIFFICULT

"On the ground he could be a difficult character. He was obstinate and would in conversation disagree on principle because, I think, he was afraid he might be committed to some English folly.

by
**TOM
POCOCK**

CONCLUSION: THE HORROR AND THE HUMOUR



"But he loved talking about the technicalities of flying and was absorbed in the mechanics of the engines.

"In the air he was a different man. He was superbly confident and whatever happened, never flinched an eyelid. Sitting behind him at the navigator's table was quite an experience."

Another New Zealander in Frankland's crew was equally transformed in the air. Warrant Officer "Boss" Bosson had been a farmer and his favourite subjects of conversation on the ground were chickens and eggs.

He was the wireless operator, on his second tour of operations, and "in the air he steadied us with comforting remarks like: 'Flak never gets you.' On the ground he often seemed truculent and might not bother to open a door for a woman visitor."

"Yet," says Frankland, "in the aircraft, if I dropped my pencil he would not only pick it up but sharpen it for me."

Before they began operations, Frankland's Lancaster was sent on practice flights across England. After two years' training he had thought that he had mastered the navigator's job but he was now introduced to new and secret equipment and techniques which occupied his thoughts.

The technicalities in the air and the bluff talk on the ground—"Why did they build Lincoln Cathedral at the end of the runway?" was typical—helped to discourage morbid brooding.

In April, Dr Frankland recalls, "we set off on our tour." During the next four months he was to take part in the decisive destruction of the French railway system, which hamstrung the German armies facing the Allied invasion, and was to penetrate as far into Germany as Munich.

STARTLED

Frankland's job, as navigator, was to guide the Lancaster within sight of the target, then hand over responsibility to the bomb-aimer. This was Gordon Pyle, an Australian sheep-farmer who was "a very, very cool customer." Lying prone in the nose, with the flak and fighters all about him and the fires below, he would aim and drop the bombs.

Pyle missed two of his crew's 34 sorties by catching a cold and they teased him unmercifully. "We used to tell him he couldn't call himself an operational type because he had not flown a full tour."

A few nights after they had been taken off operations, Frankland was helping to interrogate returning crews when he was startled to see Pyle arrive

wearing flying kit. The same thing happened the following night.

Twice he had flown as a passenger. The score was now even.

During Pyle's absence with his cold, one Eddie Hearne had taken his place. Later Hearne's Lancaster was shot down over Normandy and he was thought killed.

Some weeks later he returned to the airfield at Skellinghorpe with a remarkable story. He had baled out and his parachute had caught in a tall leafy tree. As he began disentangling himself he looked down and saw below on the ground German soldiers. So Eddie Hearne stayed in his tree all that day and all the following night. Next morning he looked down and saw American soldiers. So he climbed down and came home.

BLACK MARKET IN BABIES—MAN ACCUSES

500 SOLD EACH YEAR IN CALIFORNIA

WANT to buy a baby? It's easy in California, according to Joseph H. Reid, executive director of the Child Welfare League of America, who estimates that 500 children a year are sold on the black market here and 100 of them exported to other States.

Average price for a child is 3,000 dollars (£1,070) and a few doctors, attorneys and social workers are responsible for the traffic, says Mr Reid.

Mr Reid, who testified before a State hearing, called for laws allowing adoption only through social agencies.

To back his plea he gave this composite picture of a woman seeking adoption in California for her unborn child:

In most cases she has come to a new town to avoid parental and community censure. In the new town she usually seeks help from a cab driver or chemist. Or else she may answer an advertisement offering "light housekeeping for an expectant mother."

When she applies she is referred to an attorney, who offers to take care of her expenses and often gives her 500 dollars (£178) or so besides.

THE CONTRACT

The woman is controlled by fear. If she decides to back out at any time, threats are made that parents will be told or that the contract she signs means she must repay everything.

If the woman is married and has another child, the threat is made that she will be declared an unfit mother and lose her legitimate child.

Reid told the inquiry that in California there are three sets of potential parents for every available child.

(London Express Service).

THIS is the Gin

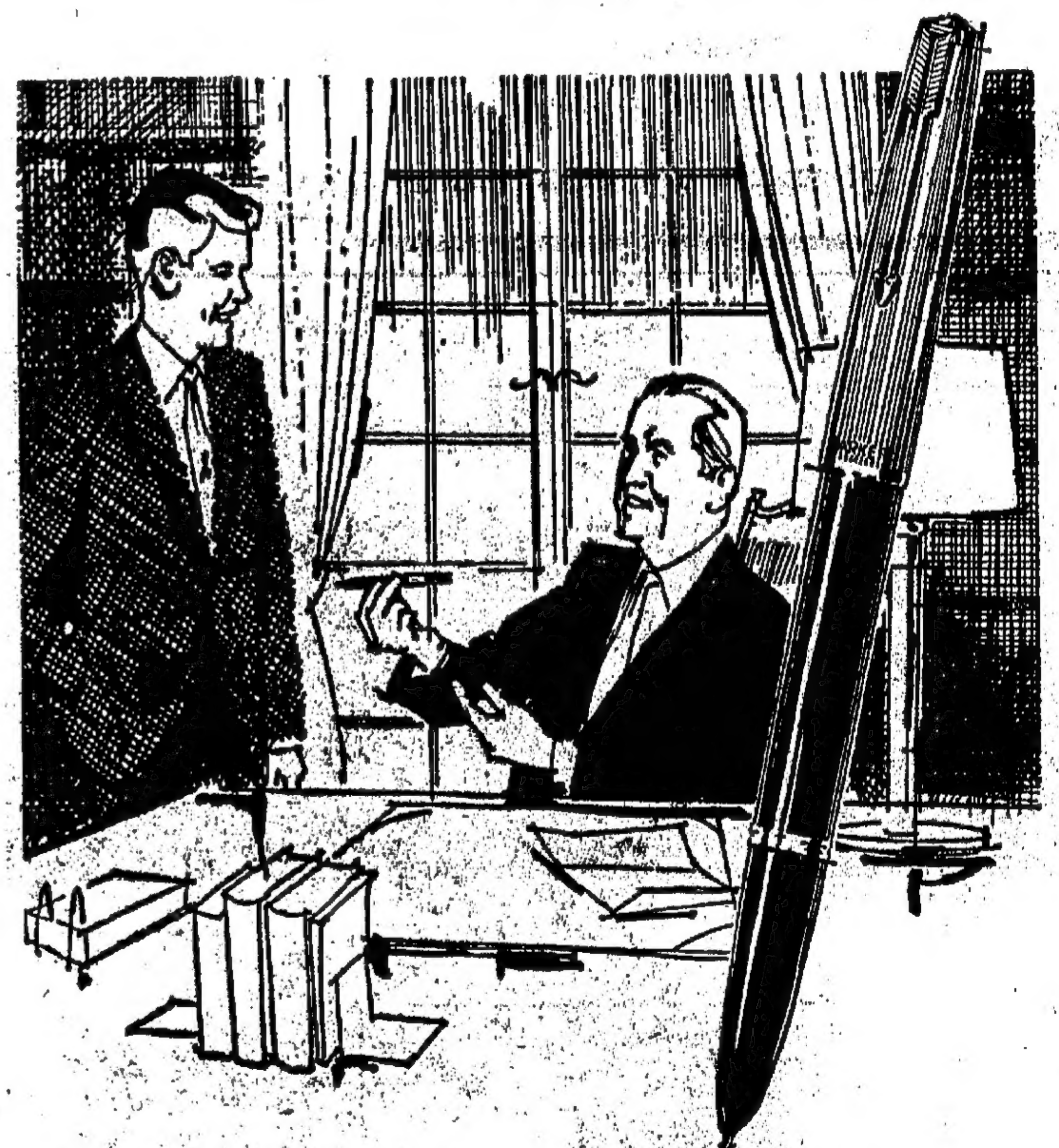


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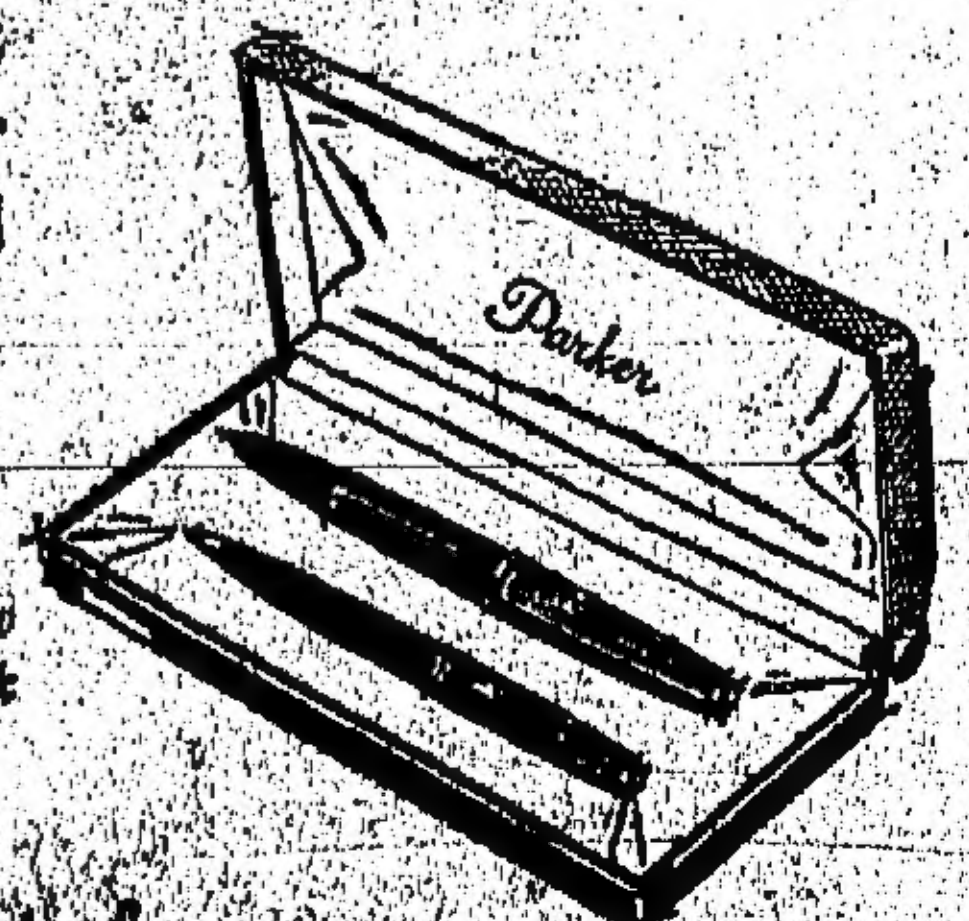
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THE GAMBOLS . . . by Barry Appleby



GAS IS TOPS



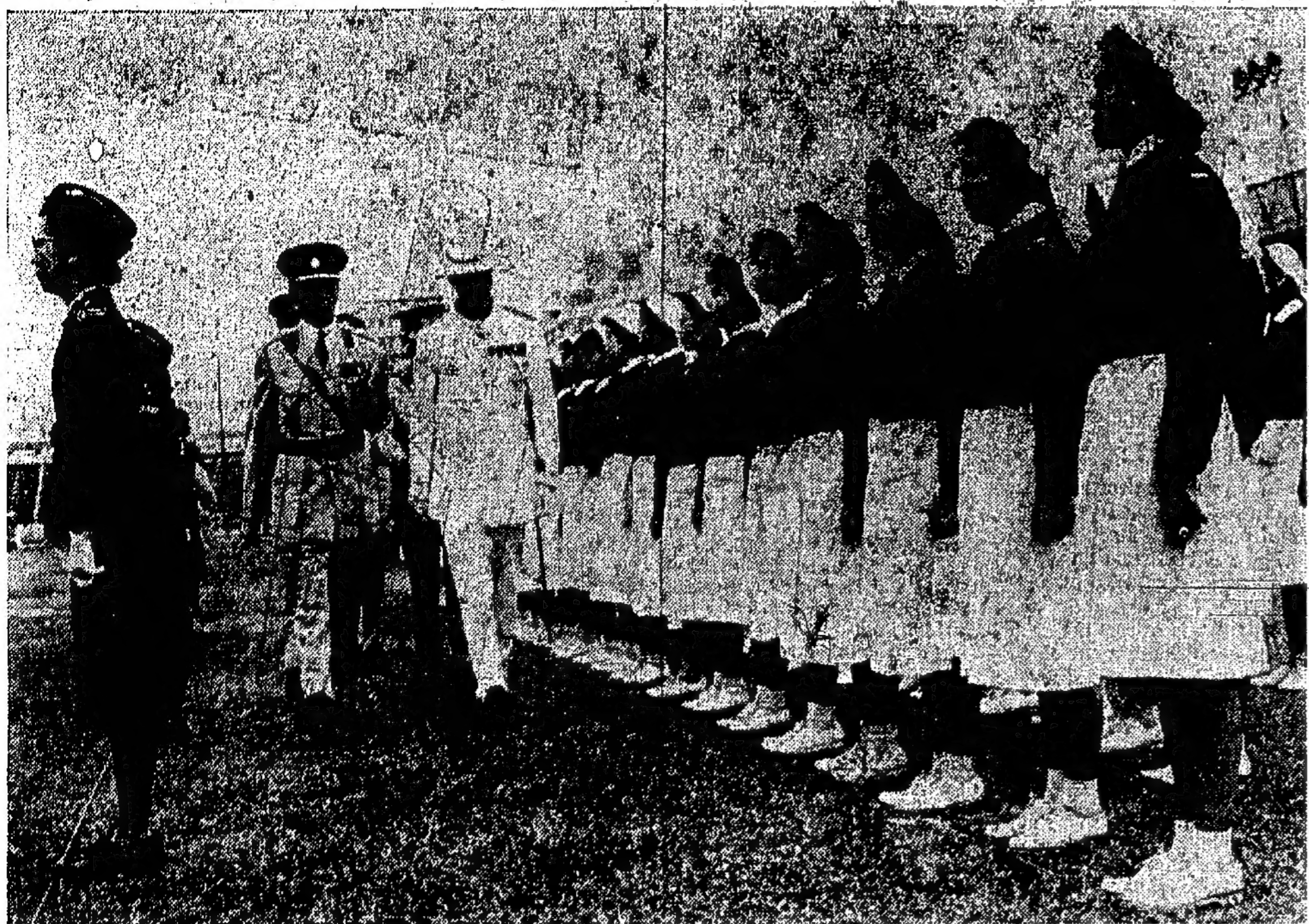
SAYS MR. THERM



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in 1955-1956

Boasting to visit and visit.



ABOVE: Sir Robert Black inspecting members of the St John Ambulance Brigade during the Brigade's annual parade held last Sunday at the Caroline Hill Stadium.



ABOVE: From left to right; Mr J. R. Jones, Dr F. I. Tseung, Sir Robert Black and Mr Kwok Chan, who attended the St John Ambulance Brigade annual dinner recently.



ABOVE: Seen at Kai Tak before their departure for Tokyo were Mr Eric Kwok, Dr Eliot Corday, Mrs Corday, Dr Simon Dack, Mrs Dack, Miss Judy Kwok, Mrs Kwok, Master William Kwok, and Master Jimmy Kwok in front.

BELOW: A colourful group of Portuguese folk dancers at the Portuguese fair which was held last Sunday at the Clube de Recreio, King's Park.



ABOVE: The American International Group beat the Hongkong Cotton Spinners' Association by 5½-4½ in their annual tennis tournament to regain the K. K. Tse Challenge Cup for 1961. Picture shows players during the tournament played recently at Mr C. V. Starr's residence at "The Lookout", South Bay.



LEFT: A feather weight bout between James Yuen of the Chinese Boxing Club, and Gnr Thomas, 14th Fd Regt., during the HK Amateur Boxing Association's tournament at Southorn Playground.

BELOW: Mrs P. C. M. Sedgwick, presenting a certificate to Ng Lai Sheung during the Maryknoll Fathers School speech day.



ABOVE: The well-known harmonica player Larry Adler, seen with Mr Fung On at the Chinese YMCA last Tuesday.



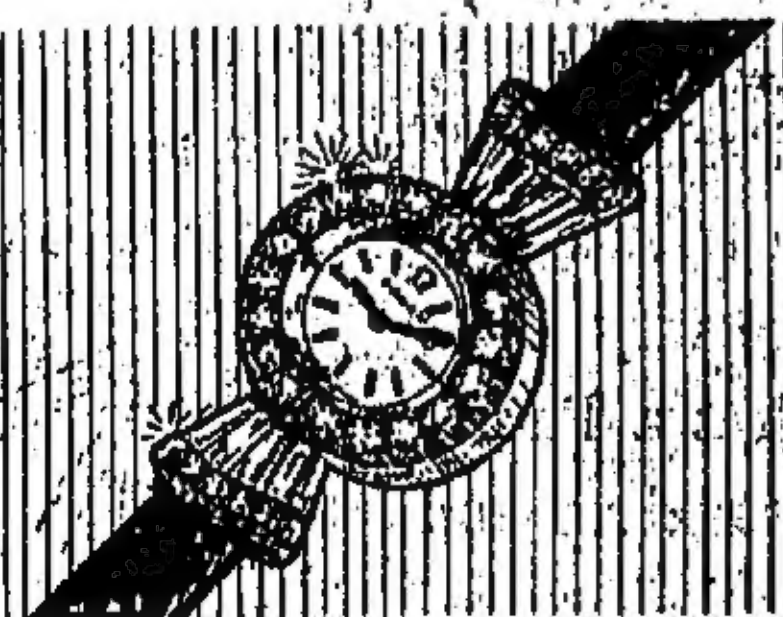
ABOVE: Sir Tsun-nin Chau (centre) who officially opened the "Bayside Nite Club" at the New Ritz Hotel, North Point. Also in the picture are Dr S. R. Samson, Mr Tseng Bo-man and Mrs J. A. Fornier.

BELOW: Clothing being distributed by members of the British Red Cross Society at the headquarters of the North Point Kaifong Association.



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GILMANS

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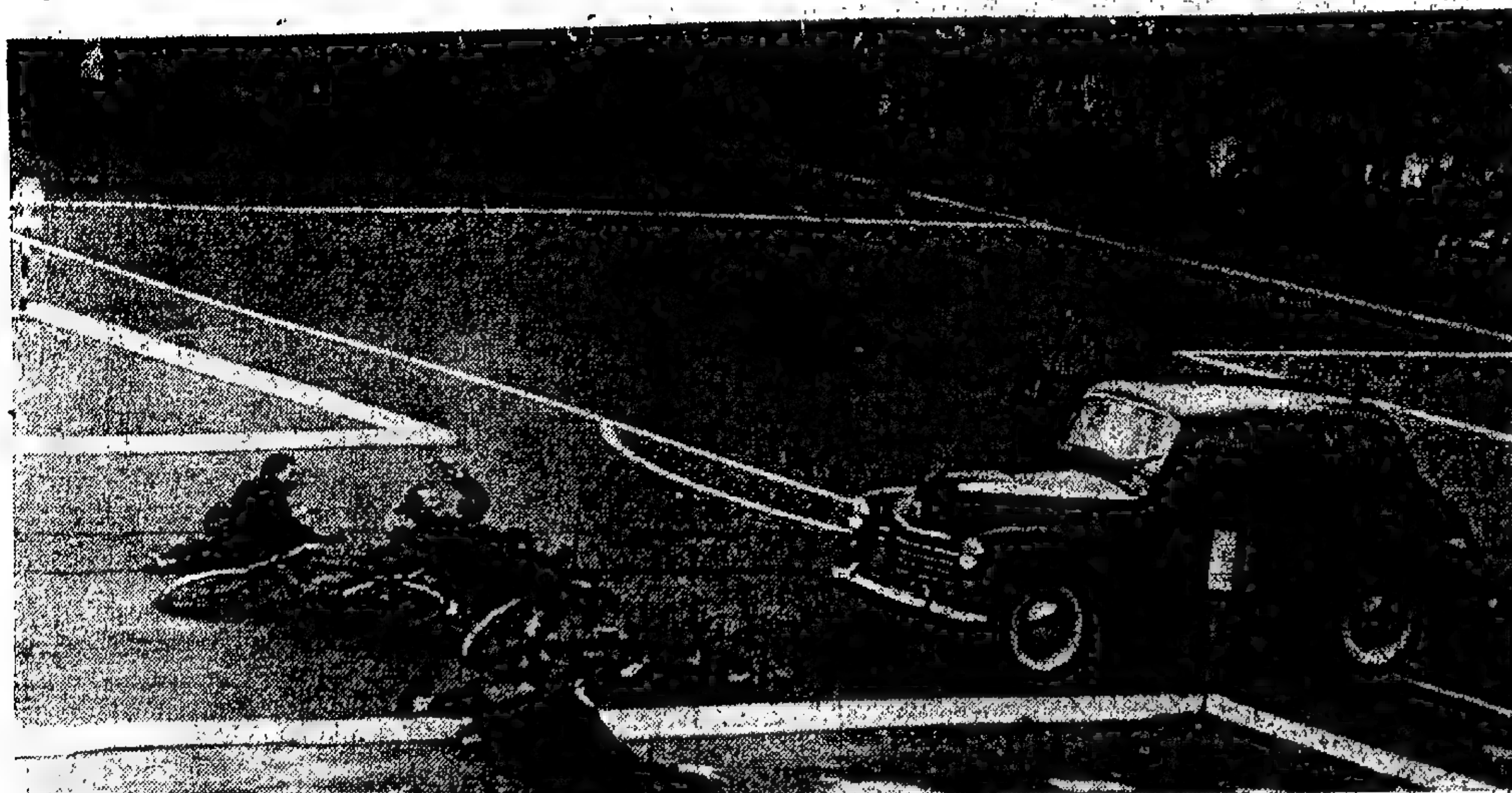
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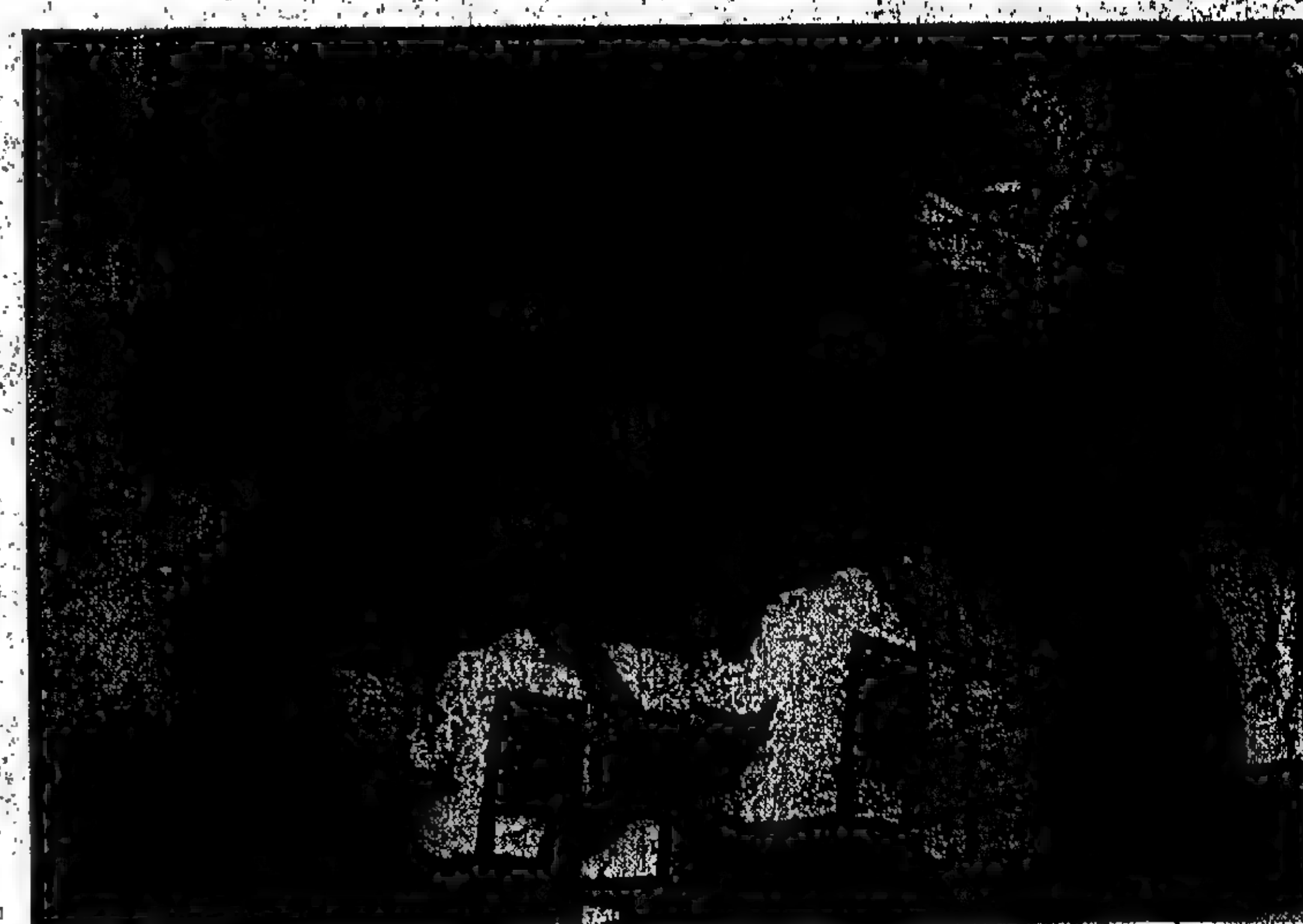
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★ ★ ★
LEFT: A graphic demonstration of road safety at Southern Playground brought Traffic Safety Week to a successful conclusion.

★ ★ ★
RIGHT: The Hongkong Philharmonic Orchestra began its winter season with a concert in Lake Yew Hall this week. David Jordan is seen here taking the part of Narrator in the orchestral fairy tale, "Peter and the Wolf".

★ ★ ★
BELOW: A representative selection of Canadian books was recently presented to some of the libraries of Hongkong by Mr C. D. Forsyth (right) on behalf of the Canadian Trade Commission.



BELOW: Mr H. D. Barton and Mr C. B. Burgess chatting together at the Far Eastern Economic Review cocktail party held in Jardine's Penthouse this week.



★ ★ ★
BELOW: From left to right; Mr Amiot, Mr M. Jebson, Mr G. Hatherley, Mr P. Huet, and Mr A Gossier, who were guests at a cocktail party held at the Hongkong Club by Messageries Maritimes.



ABOVE: Miss Annabelle George modelling knitwear at the Union Church, Kowloon, in a one-woman fashion show for the benefit of the workers who had made the clothes.

★ ★ ★
RIGHT: From left to right; Mrs H. Ballerand, Mrs M. Duhamel, Mrs J. L. Sonlin, Miss Lydia Sivestri and Mrs L. Stevenson, pictured at the Alliance Francaise exhibition at the Hongkong Club.



ABOVE: Children presenting a Japanese fan dance during the official opening of the Bishop Versiglia Memorial "Tak Nga" primary school, which took place recently.



★ ★ ★
LEFT: A cocktail party was held on board the ms Nagasaki to celebrate the maiden voyage of the new cargo ship. From left to right Mr H. R. O. Hubble, Mr L. D. Kilbee, Mrs L. D. Kilbee and Captain E. A. Everist.



ABOVE: From left to right; Miss P. Dale, Mr Paul Dale, Mr A. T. Wood, and Mrs M. R. C. Stradwick and her husband at a reception party given for Mr and Mrs Stradwick by Mr Dale this week.

★ ★ ★
BELOW: Sir Robert Black praises the work of the Chinese YMCA during the 50th anniversary commemoration of the Association held last Tuesday.



CELEBRATE
YOUR
CHRISTMAS
& NEW YEAR
AT THE
FABULOUS
PHOENIX

GALA DINNER
DANCE

Christmas Eve 1961
New Year's Eve 1962

THE GOLDEN PHOENIX

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WEEK-END WOMANSENSE



KNITTED suit with cordigan jacket and flared skirt. Chanel touches: coin buttons, latticed pattern, silk blouse. By Marcel Fenez.



BLACK velvet evening suit (other colours to choose from). Chanel touches: the silk braid binding. By C & A. London Pride's white silk blouse.



RICH white brocade for a slender cocktail dress and matching jacket. Chanel touches: the pin holding the jacket, the ceremonial gold and scarlet braid. By Wallis Shops.



WHITE woollen suit with a loose jumper top and an easy flared skirt. Chanel touches: the braid trimming the hem and marking the top. By Sambo.



JILL BUTTERFIELD'S FASHION PAGE

With a touch of Chanel...

WHATEVER YOU'RE WEARING,
IT PROBABLY OWES ITS
INSPIRATION TO ONE WOMAN

TAKE a look at what you are wearing. Whether you bought it in the bustle of a chain store or the close-carpeted hush of a classy boutique the chances are that it owes its origin to Paris.

And to the only leading woman designer in French couture—Coco Chanel.

If you think I'm exaggerating... If you think the gloss of Paris has nothing to do with your sweater and skirt life, here are just a handful of fashions Chanel popularised:

- The cardigan suit
- The man's shirt for girly girls
- The appeal of gilt (as opposed to gold) jewellery, clanking in unladylike profusion.
- Polo-necked sweaters.

- Sling-backed shoes.
- Chanel No. 5.
- Breton hats.
- Cuff links.
- Pleated skirts.

But the Chanel story doesn't stop at the cupboard door.



CHANEL TOUCH: Gleaming gilt jewellery. The thick linked chain. The beaded necklace.

Her simple little suits (as many a matron has found to her cost) need grooming, accessories,

and wearing the right way.

For, as Madame Chanel herself observed, "simplicity is perfection"—and you can't buy that along with a dress box and a pile of tissue paper.

Undoubtedly, the girls who wear her clothes superbly are her own models—all wide eyes, carefully tousled hair, rosy pretty, and looking straight from the egg. She chooses them all with the same care as she cuts a skirt or pins up a sleeve.

She says them three times the normal amount, lets them borrow showroom samples for their private lives, pays for their hairdo's and supervises their skin care.

But Chanel is determined that her clothes should not be restricted only to a salon

full of models or a handful of millionaires.

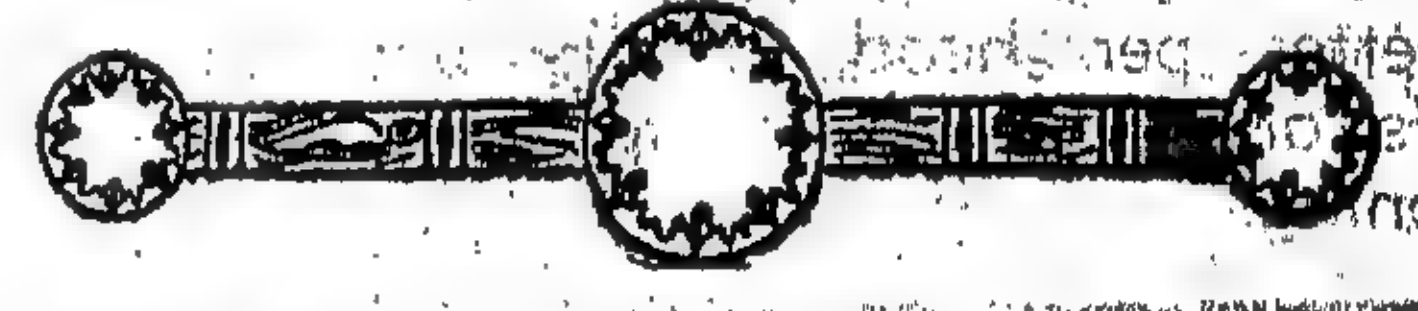
In 1956 she resigned from the Chambre Syndicale—the sort of trade union of the couture world—because they disapproved of her wish to see

her photographs of her designs published immediately after her collection. "I love to be copied," said Chanel. "I want to see my dresses out in the street as soon as possible."

Which may be one reason why the Chanel suit is the uniform of smart girls the world over.

But another reason is that her clothes, which shun the eccentricities of the fast-spinning fashion world, are just about the most flattering things a girl can possess.

And most girls know it.



CHANEL TOUCH: A gilt and pearl bar brooch to hold the edges of a cardigan jacket.

NORMAN SALES TOOK THE PICTURES
THE DRAWINGS ARE BY SHEILA WARE

(London Express Service)

Smedley's

A PLEASURE
for families everywhere

Smedley's DELICIOUS FISH
CAKES, FISH FILLETS, BROAD
BEANS AND GARDEN PEAS.

Try some —
you'll love them



Sole Agents:
Pacific Agencies Co., Ltd.
Hing Wai, Blago, Hong Kong

Also available:
Frozen Brussels Sprouts
Frozen Fish Fingers

LADY LUCK

YOUR CHINA MAIL HOROSCOPE

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2

AQUARIUS (January 21-February 19): Don't expect too much return from a small investment, but it should at least repay you for your trouble.

PISCES (February 20-March 20): An unexpected invitation will give you an insight into the lives of people completely removed from your own social sphere.

ARIES (March 21-April 19): Take the needs of your family into consideration before committing yourself to help an outsider.

TAURUS (April 20-May 20): Keep a vital decision about your future to yourself for the time being, and wait for the right moment to inform your friends.

GEMINI (May 21-June 21): By making your plans too far in advance you may miss the most exciting party of the festive season.

CANCER (June 22-July 21): An inexperienced assistant, no matter how willing, may prove more of a hindrance than a help at first.

LEO (July 22-August 21): Start your Christmas preparations in plenty of time

this year, and avoid the usual last-minute rush.

VIRGO (August 22-September 22): By adopting a friendlier attitude to your fellow-workers, you will find it easier to call on their help when you need it.

LIBRA (September 23-October 22): An association with a person born under Cancer is not likely to live up to its promising beginning.

SCORPIO (October 23-November 21): You will easily make up for a delay in starting your work by increasing your pace later in the day.

SAGITTARIUS (November 22-December 21): A business associate may not be as reliable as you thought, and you had better not rely too much on his promises.

CAPRICORN (December 22-January 20): Keep away from an entanglement with a possessive person, unless you are prepared to sacrifice your other relationships.

LUCKY ENCOUNTER: If today is your birthday, a meeting with a woman named NORMA may have some special significance.

HURRY! HURRY! HURRY!



For Cadbury's Fruit sundae, the milk chocolate block with chopped pineapple, raisins, cherries and oranges.

Stocks are limited so hurry for

CADBURY'S FRUIT SUNDAE

GREAT ANIMAL STORIES

By JAMES McNAMEE

TOM HAMILTON liked his Aunt Prudence. She taught at the university. Tom's father said she was all brains.

Her name was Doctor Prudence Hamilton. When she came to Tom's father's farm in the Cowichan Valley on Vancouver Island she always brought presents.

Tom didn't like her constant companion, Genevieve Trueheart, a dog.

He was fond of other dogs. He had a dog, a bull-terrier called Rusty, who kept the pheasants out of the garden and the young grain. Rusty worked for a living.

Tom couldn't like Genevieve Trueheart. She was good for nothing. She never even looked like a dog. She was a great big soft wheezing lazy wagging monster, a great big useless lump.

SOFT

Genevieve had been born a golden retriever of decent parents and Aunt Prudence had papers to prove it. But Genevieve had eaten so many chocolates and French pastries and frosted cakes that she was three times as wide as a golden retriever ought to be.

She had the soft muscles of a jellyfish. She couldn't run. She couldn't walk. All she could do was waddle. She looked like a pigmy hippopotamus with hair.

Genevieve Trueheart gave Tom Hamilton a hard time. She followed him. She went wherever he went. Tom couldn't bend over to tie a boot but her big pink tongue would lick his face. She loved him.

At half-past eight, when he finished breakfast and started for school, there on the porch would be Genevieve Trueheart waiting for him.

She wants to go to school with you, Tommy. Aunt Prudence said.

I think she'd better stay home, Tom said. It's a mile. That's too far for her.

You just can't give a dog a bad name!

Tom could have said: Why should I take her? When I take her the kids at school laugh at me. They ask: Why don't you send her back to the zoo and get a dog? But he didn't say that. It would have hurt Aunt Prudence's feelings.

Instead he said: A friend of mine saw a bear on the road. We'd better leave Genevieve at home. What if I meet a cougar? Tom said. A fat dog like Genevieve would be a fine meal for a cougar.

Tommy, stop talking, his mother said, and get to school. So Tom Hamilton went down the woodland road with Genevieve Trueheart panting and puffing and snorting behind him. Twice he had to stop while Genevieve sat down and rested. Tom said: Genevieve, I hope a car comes on the wrong side of the road and gets you, you big fat slob.

Every kid who went to that school came with a dog. These dogs did not welcome Genevieve. They were not jealous because she was a golden retriever and had papers to prove it, they didn't believe an animal with a shape like Genevieve was a dog.

After school, Tom waited until all the others had left. He took his time going home. He had to. If he hurried Genevieve would sit down and yelp.

They came to the woodland road. It was like a tunnel. The tall trees all stretched branches over Tom's head. The air seemed cold even in summer. Owls liked the woodland road, and so did tree frogs, and deer liked it when flies were after them but Tom didn't like it much. He didn't mind Genevieve too much here. She was company.

This day, Tom knew that something was looking at him. He had the feeling. And there it was, all eight feet of it, crouched on a rock, above him, a great golden cat, a cougar, a Vancouver Island panther! Its tail was twitching. Its eyes burned green, burned yellow, burned bright. Its ears were flat against its head.

SHOCK

Tom's feet stopped. His blood and all his other juices tinkled into ice, and for a moment the whole world seemed to disappear behind a white wall. A heavy animal brushed against him, and at the shock of that



DRAWING BY BARRY DRISCOLL

Tom could see again. It was Genevieve. She had sat down, and to rest herself was leaning on his leg.

The cougar came closer. Inch by inch, still in a crouch, he slid down the rock. He was like a cat after a robin. Tom felt sick and cold. I can't run, he thought, if I run he'll be on me. He'll rip Genevieve with one paw and me with the other.

Maybe, he thought, if I had a big stone I could stun him. He looked. There were sharp, flat pieces of granite at the side of the road where somebody had blasted.

The cougar jumped. It was in the air like a huge yellow bird. Tom had no trouble leaving. He ran to the side of the road and picked up a piece of granite.

Of course, when he moved, Genevieve Trueheart, who had been leaning against his leg, fell over. She hadn't seen anything. She lay there. She was happy. She looked like a sack of potatoes.

The cougar walked around Genevieve twice as if he didn't believe it.

He stretched his neck out and sniffed. She must have smelt pretty good because he sat down

beside her and licked one of his paws. He was getting ready for dinner.

Tom Hamilton could have run away, but he never. He picked up one of those sharp pieces of granite.

The cougar touched Genevieve with the paw he had been licking, friendly-like, just to know how soft the meat was. Genevieve stopped wagging her tail. She must have thought that the cougar's claws didn't feel much like Tom Hamilton's fingers.

Tom was ashamed of her. Get up and fight! he yelled. Any other dog would fight. But not Genevieve. She rolled over on her back and put her four fat feet in the air. She made noises that never had been heard.

DISGUST

The cougar was disgusted with the fuss Genevieve was making. He snarled. His ears went back. Candles shone in his green-yellow eyes. He slapped Genevieve between his paws like a ball.

Tom saw smears of blood on the road and pieces of Genevieve's hide in the cougar's claws. He threw the piece of granite. He hit the cougar in its middle. The cougar turned, eyes green, eyes yellow.

The cougar looked at Tom, but the sweet smell of Genevieve's chocolate-flavoured blood

was too much for the cougar. He batted her about like a ball again. Tom picked up another piece of granite that weighed about 10 lb. and he hit the cougar right in the face.

The cougar fell on top of Genevieve. Then the cougar stood up and shook its head. Then it walked backwards like a drunken sailor.

And at that moment a bus full of lumberjacks who were going into town rounded the curve. The tyres screeched as the driver stopped it, and 30 big lumberjacks got out yelling, and the cougar quit walking backwards and jumped out of sight between two cedars.

FIGHTER!

Genevieve Trueheart waggled on her stomach down the road in the same direction the cougar had gone. She was so scared she didn't know what she was doing.

Boy, oh boy! That's some dog, the lumberjacks said. She just won't quit. She's a fighter. Yahl! Tom said.

She's bleeding, the lumberjacks said. She saved your life. We'd better get her to a doctor. They put Genevieve Trueheart and Tom Hamilton in the bus.

Boy, oh boy! the lumberjacks said, a fighting dog like that is a man's best friend. Yahl! Tom said.

The bus went right into Tommy's yard and the 30 lumberjacks told Tommy's mother and father and Aunt Prudence how Genevieve Trueheart, man's best friend, had saved Tommy.

Yahl! Tom said.

Then Aunt Prudence put an old blanket and old newspapers over the back seat of her car so that blood wouldn't drip into the fabric when she was taking Genevieve Trueheart to the horse, cow and dog doctor.

Aunt Prudence said: Now you know how much she loves you, Tommy. She saved your life. Yahl! Tommy said.

COPYRIGHT: James McNamee 1960

(London Express Service).

TWELVE million cigarettes are smoked in Hongkong every day!

It is an astonishing figure and represents a daily consumption of almost four cigarettes per head of the population. That's an awful lot of tobacco by any reckoning.

The Navy wanted an intelligent mermaid

SECRET weapons, including an underwater "dachs-hund," were developed by the Germans in a desperate attempt to foil the Allies in the Normandy invasion.

The Dackel, or dachshund, was a 33ft. long torpedo which could be set off on a two to three hour run at a steady nine knots.

Fired from Le Havre, to the east of the invasion beaches, it could blow up ships in the anchorage off Courseulles, 24 miles away.

NOT MUCH SUCCESS

Details of this and other naval weapons, none of them used with much success, are disclosed by official historian Captain S. W. Roskill, RN, ("The War at Sea," Vol. 3, Part 2, HM Stationery Office, 45s.).

Also directed against the Normandy invasion forces was the "Lentil," a radio-controlled motor-boat. Each unit was made up of a control boat and two explosive boats.

The explosive boats were aimed at their targets by a pilot who then jumped into the sea in the hope that he would be picked up by the control boat.

Midges, submarine types included the Beaver, Pike and Seal. They were handled by one or two men.

IMPUDENT

One of our own midges, the X-20, commanded by Lieut. K. Huddesbeth, an Australian, carried out a sustained and impudent reconnaissance shortly before D-Day. Two unnamed soldiers in the crew of five swam ashore from the X craft to inspect the enemy held beaches.

The navigator of the X craft made the Channel crossing strapped to his vessel and, most of the time, half submerged. "They are surprised," he concluded, "at our impudent method of doing this job." His commanding officer reported: (London Express Service).

It is impossible not to be intrigued by a local situation which results in 4,380,000,000 fags going up in smoke every year. YOU may care to work out the financial implications for yourself.

More interesting to most people will be the striking statistics which can be based on the acceptance of the average length of a cigarette as three inches.

If you accept this as a fair measurement it means that this comparatively small community consumes 36,000,000 inches of expertly rolled tobacco every day. Maybe you would prefer to regard it as 3,000,000 feet, 1,000,000 yards or, if you like the bigger denominations, 570 miles!

These figures provide an excellent yard stick for some enlightening comparisons.

In this space age, when man is reaching out towards the moon, it is sobering to realise that, if instead of smoking our cigarettes, we placed them end to end, we could reach that spaceman's goal along an exclusive "tobacco road" in just 416 days!!!

On a more earthly plain we can find some equally remarkable facts. For example the number of cigarettes smoked here in only three days would reach from end to end of the Great Wall of China, while the 1,107 miles of the Great China Canal, which stretches from Hangchow, to Peking, could be measured in a continuous tobacco chain in just two days.

Longest river

However if we preferred to stand the cigarettes on end instead of laying them down we could, in one single day, build a high altar monument to Lady Nicotine that would stand 108 times higher than Mount Everest!!!

It is strange, but true, that a giant cigarette, encircling the globe at the equator would measure 24,902 miles yet if cut into traditional 3" lengths it

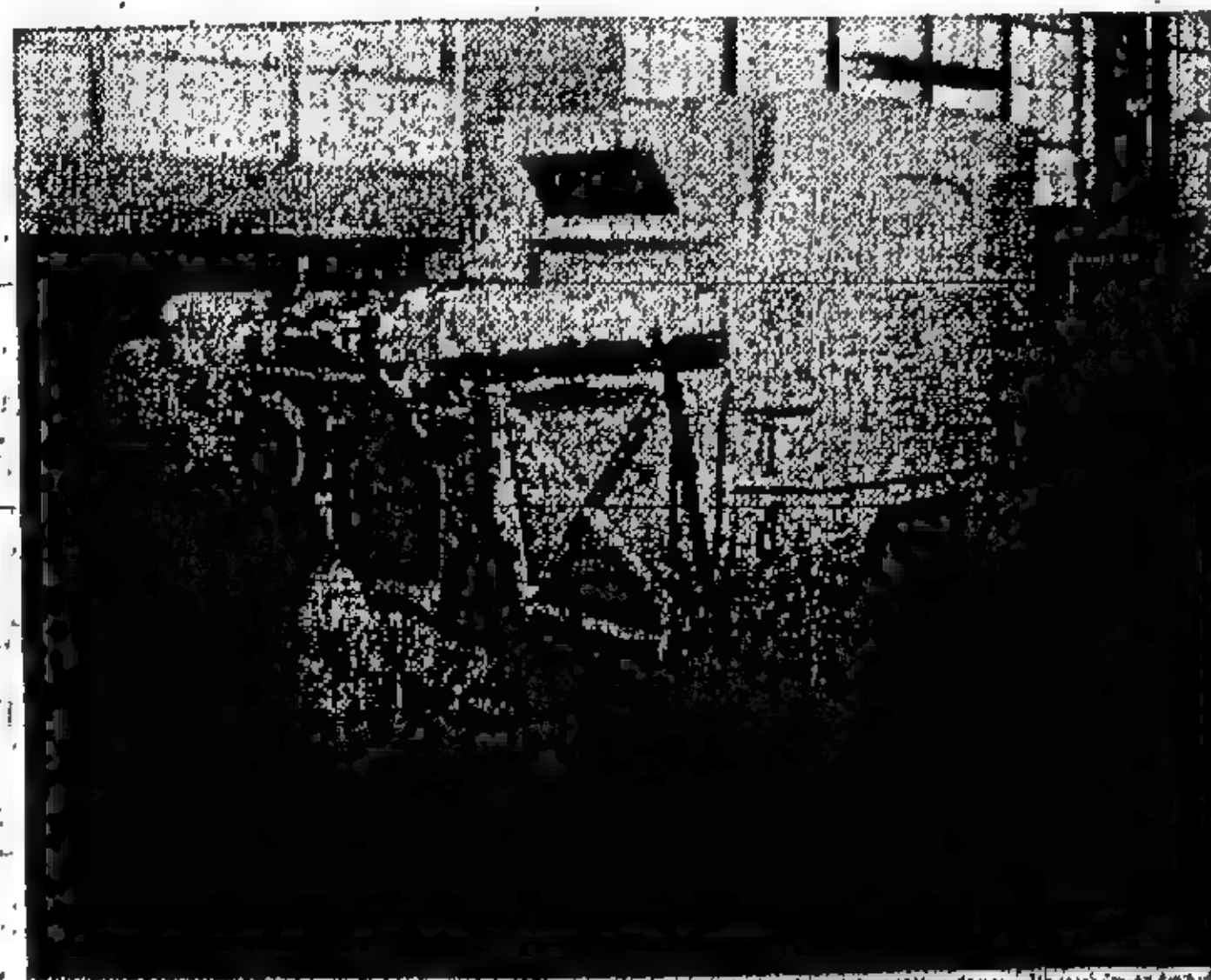
To the moon IN SMOKE in 416 days

By El Boag

would keep our smokers going for only 44 days: one the length of the Nile, the world's longest river whose course from source to sea covers 4,145 miles, would last for just one week.

These astonishing facts apply only to Hongkong and the tobacco consumed in cigarette form by its population: If expanded to embrace Asia or the world at large some astronomical figures would surely be revealed.

Having drawn such a picture of the local situation the obvious follow up is to ask how it is maintained and it is a real surprise to learn



The Mellor Mark 8 machine which turns out cigarettes to precision standards at 1,500 per minute.

that of the 12,000,000 cigarettes smoked here every day only 4,000,000 are imported. The other 8,000,000 are manufactured in the Colony.

Even these statistics tell only a part of the story for to manufacture, inspect, pack, parcel and distribute cigarettes in the perfect condition, variety and numbers demanded by our smokers is a herculean task.

Today the cigarette industry is an excellent example of what can be achieved with the right machinery.

This is very well demonstrated by a magnificently delicate

mechanical monster operated by one of the Colony's leading tobacco companies.

In sympathy with things modern it carries the name 'Mark 8' and believe it or not it turns out standard cigarettes to various exacting specifications at a rate of 1,500 per minute.

If it is required to embrace the popular modern filter tips in the operation its output is only fractionally reduced.

Guillotine

This 'Mark 8' cigarette machine functions on a new and revolutionary principle which ensures complete control of the individual tobacco particles from the time they are delivered from the hopper until they are in the continuous filter rod.

From there on through a bewildering sequence of pre-set controls and to the uninitiated baffling examples of engineering ingenuity, the tobacco races to meet the paper which will finally enclose it and—when the flashing guillotine has done its part—produce the finished cigarette. A cigarette as near perfect as the combined efforts of ambitious tobacco men and highly specialised machinery can make it, all at a speed of 1,500 cigarettes per minute.

Exhibition

If you find such claims hard to believe, you will have an early opportunity to check them for yourself. The 'Mark 8' truly a marvel of modern mechanical might, will be on operational display at the 1961 Exhibition of Hongkong Products and if you doubt my facts you can

always count the cigarettes as they fly from the delivery end of the machine. It may be a bit difficult to keep up with the 1,500 per minute statistics and it is worth remembering that this represents an output of 25 cigarettes per second!!!

The whole thing triggers off quite a chain of thought... The tobacco man grows high grade tobacco, they blend it, build unbelievably complicated—but efficient machines, they make cigarettes to precision standards, pack them in attractive containers... and are delighted when Hongkong's population send the fruits of their labour up in smoke at the rate of 12,000,000 every day!!



BRAEMAR

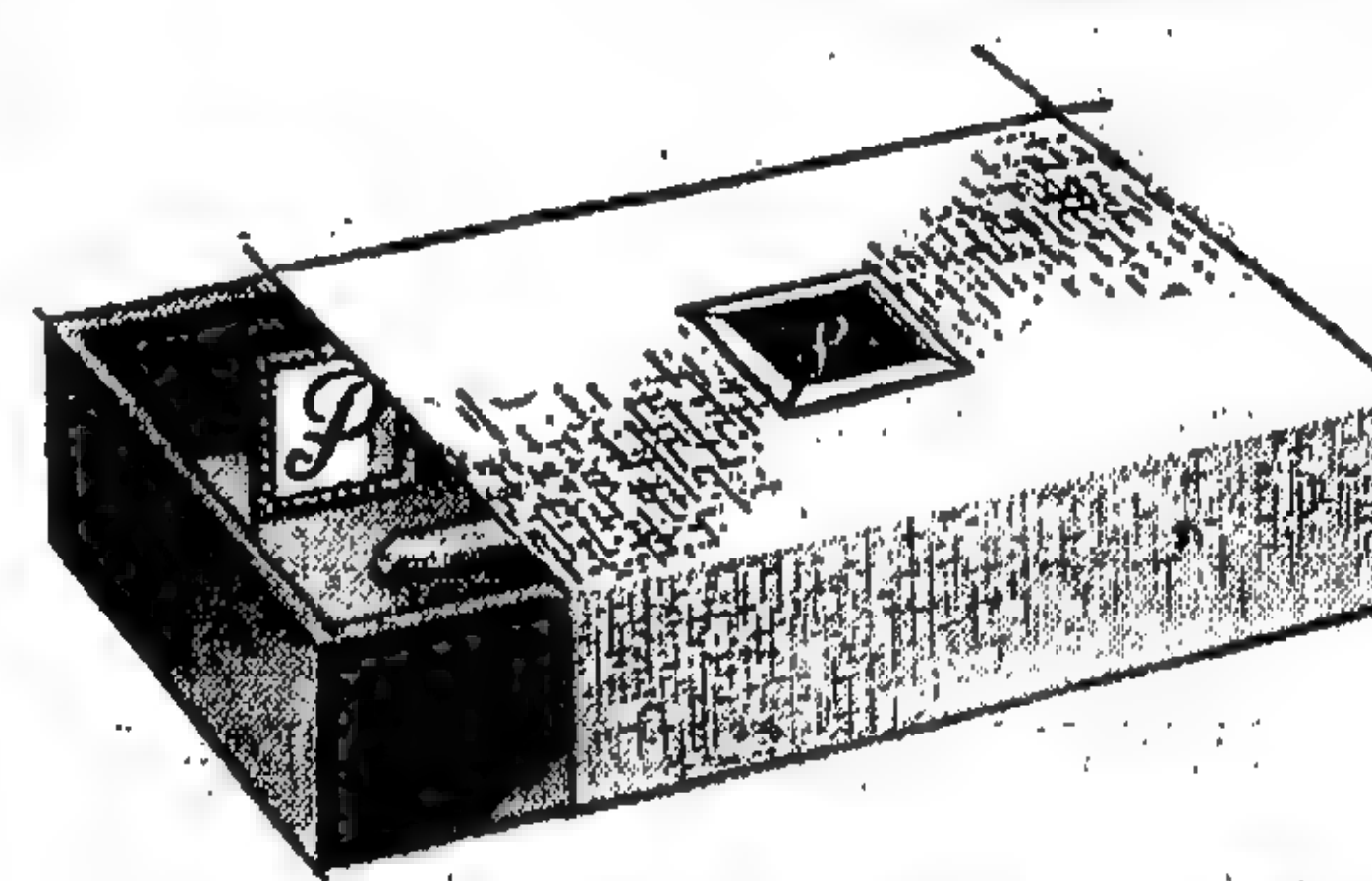
LOOK YOUR BEST IN BRAEMAR

Made in Scotland

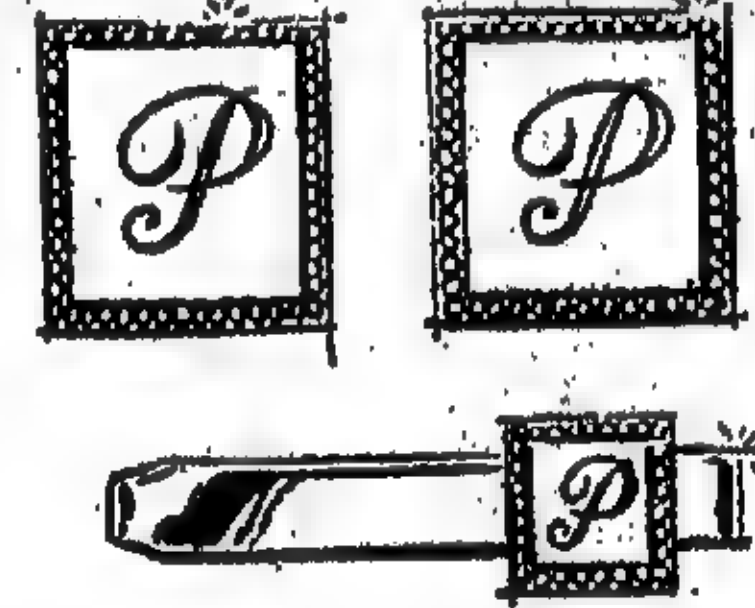
Agents: FIELDING, BROWN & FINCH (FAR EAST) LTD.

Personally His For Christmas FROM Pioneer

THE MARK OF A MAN

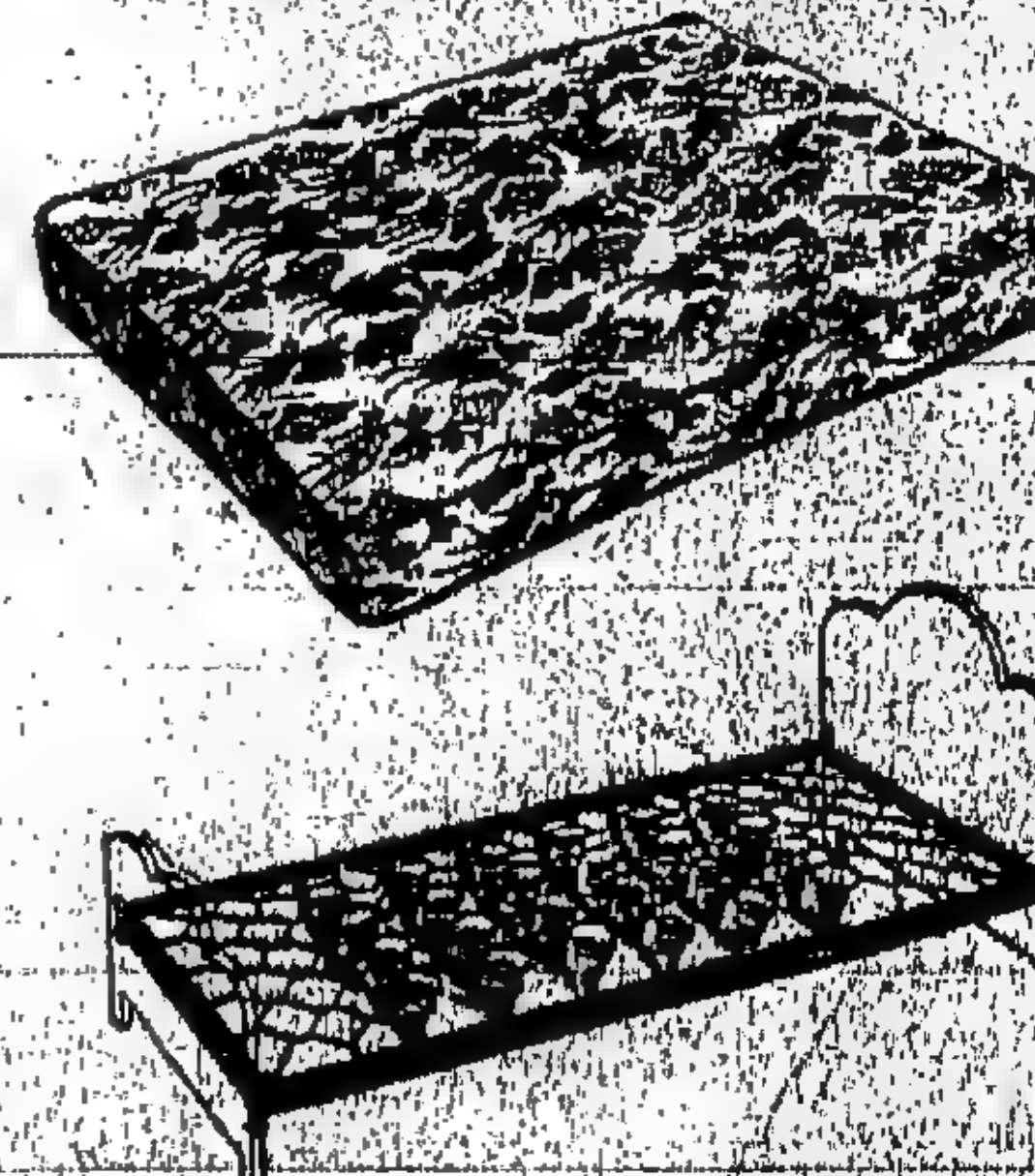


It's very "Personally His" when you give him this distinctive personalized jewellery set. Matching Florentine cigarette box bears the same fine hand engraved initial as the cuff links and tie bar.



Rest Assured on

VONDO



THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS FILM STARS, INCLUDING LOVELY LINDA, CHOOSE VONDO FOR THEIR REST AND RELAXATION. VONDO WHO MAKE THE BIGGEST VALUE IN BEDS AND MATTRESSES. IF YOU CAN'T SLEEP AT NIGHT, THEN SEE YOUR NEAREST VONDO DEALER.

For two hours every morning he is: The happiest man in the world

For two hours, he remains the happiest man in the world, forgetting about his \$23 million spinning plant, \$70 million annual turnover and all the worries that attend such a big enterprise...

Because he thinks "health is more important than wealth."

As a result of two years' rigid discipline, he has a slim figure, a rosy complexion and a shrewy, body built on a steely frame.

At 52, he looks a mere 37! And he can tumble like a youth of 24!

After a bath and breakfast, in a suit of Italian cut, he gets into his golden Alvis sports car (like the one driven by the Duke of Edinburgh), and speeds to his downtown office.

MORE DASHING

This, of course, is more dashing and less pompous than riding in his air-conditioned, cocktail-barred Rolls-Royce driven by his uniformed chauffeur.

By 10 a.m., the amiable, debonair tycoon installs himself in the Managing Director's office of Hongkong Spinners Ltd., in a skyscraper.

Mr T. Y. Wong, the yogi-textileman, was born of a textile family in Shanghai where he attended St John's University and later Nantong Textile College.

After two years of practical experience in a textile mill, he set up his own weaving factory in China. Subsequently he became the General Manager of the China Cotton Mills, Ltd. (50,000 spindles and 1,200 looms), one of his family enterprises in Shanghai.

In 1947, the Wongs extended their operations to Hongkong with 7,000 spindles installed in a mill named the Peninsula Spinners which later merged into Hongkong Spinners set up in 1949.

"I shuttled between Shanghai and Hongkong fortnightly," said Mr Wong. "We brought down 200 skilled workers and technicians to train local workers before the start."

CAPACITY

With foresight and fortitude, the mill was developed step by step over a period of two years, gradually gaining the confidence of overseas buyers. "There was then no local market to speak about."

Hongkong Spinners which began operation with 30,000 spindles in 1949, has now 51,600 spindles with a productive capacity for 28 million lbs of cotton yarn a year on the basis of 20 count, valued at \$70 million.

The mill won the confidence of overseas markets through one attraction of its products—quality, which is the slogan of the factory.

Said Mr Wong, "That we must fulfill this condition of



The vast Hongkong Spinners Ltd plant on Castle Peak-road. At left is the dormitory block for the workers. In the centre, the football fields and gardens.

NEW LEAF

The moment they entered Hongkong Spinners' plant, the vista of the clean, sweeping, air-conditioned interior turned them 180 degrees around to approve of Hongkong's labour condition.

"The development of Hongkong's industry in general and textile industry in particular—from nil to 800,000 spindles and 20,000 looms today in a little over a decade turns a new leaf of life for the refugees," Mr Wong said.

"With the total investment over \$800 million, it now employs about 100,000 workers. Many more depend on textiles for a living indirectly."

He said, "Statistics showed that textile exports in 1959 and 1960 formed 53% and 54% respectively of total Hongkong exports and 46% of Hongkong's total registered labour worked in textiles, indicating how important the textile industry is to the Hongkong economy and how much it contributes."

"Yet incredible as it seems, there is a shortage of labour in this industry—so much so that no less than 5,000 workers are still needed to fill the gap. Recruiting advertisements in the press and on the screen have proved all in vain."

"The only remedy, in my view, is to permit female workers on night shift. This is nothing new. In advanced countries like America women are allowed to do so."

"In fact, night work may not necessarily impair their health since they regularly work only seven out of the eight-hour shift with an hour's rest."

"Furthermore, this will create jobs for thousands of young women who could then help support their families. Personally, I feel that a special ordinance is overdue permitting females to work at night so as to solve the problem once and for all."

WEST BERLIN

On restrictions?

"Hongkong is hard hit because the restrictions came from USA and the UK—our biggest markets. This city is like West Berlin today—with lots of refugees but no home market. The problem is getting serious."

He went on to say, "We hope that the USA and the UK will make an exception of our case."

In the case of restrictions prevailing, Mr Wong suggested two steps for Government to take:

First, Government should limit imports of textiles. "Pakistan and India, for instance, may sell their cotton yarn to Hongkong weavers and garment makers who export to America under quota, thus usurping the rightful share of American market for Hongkong cotton yarn."

Secondly, Government should control the unlimited expansion of Hongkong textile equipment which, if unchecked, would eventually ruin the existing industry. "For Hongkong's productivity has surpassed the market demand."

Part 6 of DAVID LAN'S

TITANS FROM THE NORTH

port to America under quota, thus usurping the rightful share of American market for Hongkong cotton yarn."

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PHILOSOPHY

Mr Wong who was twice elected chairman of the Hongkong Cotton Spinners' Association is concurrently member of the General Committee of the Hongkong General Chamber of Commerce, the Federation of Hongkong Industries and the Hongkong Cotton Advisory Board.

Busy as he is, Mr Wong is full of zest for living. He abides by the simple philosophy of life—"work while you work; play while you play"—which makes him work hard and live even harder to get the most out of life.

He likes to ponder at night over weighty matters. However, he never stays up late. As the newspaper has a deadline for going to press so has Mr Wong—a deadline for going to bed—which for him is 12 midnight.

Upon the stroke of 12, he does not hesitate to "disappear" from a social gathering, however important.

YOGA DEVOTION

Back on his favourite health subject—yoga, he said, "Its main function is to teach you temperance and relaxation. On the surface, it trains your body but internally, it tones up your viscera, or the vital organs. In a way, it rejuvenates."

Results of his yoga devotion? "I'm now beginning to be able to control myself, particularly the body. (Which is the most difficult thing!) Yoga brings within my reach all human enjoyments."

"Now I can drink and recover fast though I take nothing stronger than beer."

"I can dance, non-stop if necessary. And you see, I grow

no paunch. My girth has remained unchanged for years..."

He smokes cigarettes, drinks green tea but does not gamble. Once in a while he sits down at a mahjong table "just to while away some time with friends."

Inclined to classical music, Mr Wong is a good amateur Chinese opera singer. "I went on Rediffusion for charity the other day."

He dances the cha cha, waltz, blues and tango. "But I can't catch the rhythm. That's why each time the music strikes up, I always ask my partner what rhythm it is."

Mr Wong likes things beautiful. He has six pairs of cufflinks, each mounted with diamonds, jade, rubies or sapphires, and a pearl-tipped tie-pin. He also has a small collection of oil paintings from France and England.

And his home? From the peak, the light-green-stuccoed, two-storey structure with a big garden, an arched porch, a cement drive and walk, looks out south over a view of Aberdeen, Deep Water Bay, Lamma Island and the South China Sea beyond.

Better still, you can ascend the second floor tower where you can see both south and north, including Hongkong, Kowloon and Victoria Harbour.

From his aerie, the textile tycoon scans the land, the sea and the city whose economy his industry has helped develop. In the lofty lodge, he broods over the metropolis, the people and what his wealth can do for them.

Said he after some deliberation, "It is when wealth—not in the form of cash but in the form of a growing industry—contributes increasingly, as it develops, to the ever-better living of humanity that it can be said to have served a greater and better cause."



Mr T. Y. Wong

Eat drink and be slim

Formula 21 is an entirely new method of losing weight in a normal, healthy way. It is approved by Doctors because it slims without drugs and without hunger and loss of nourishing food. You eat as much nourishing food as you like, and yet you lose weight progressively—as much as 3 lbs. every week. Formula 21 controls your appetite gently, while allowing you to eat and drink with your family and friends. Start taking Formula 21 today... in three weeks you will be slimmer, healthier and more attractive.



Formula 21 slims without drugs, without hunger, without loss of nourishing food. Formula 21 is easy to take, economical, entirely successful.

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NEWEST KINDEST SAFEST SLIMMING AID
Now available at leading dispensaries & stores.

Sole Agents: JOHN D. HUTCHISON & CO., LTD., Pharmaceutical Department, Union House, Hongkong

When your man in Rome asks a favour...

PARIS. GENERAL DE GAULLE has received a remarkable request from his Ambassador in Rome, M. Gaston Palewski. De Gaulle would do a great deal for M. Palewski, an early friend of his from the old Free French days in London, and has in fact done so in the past.

It was de Gaulle, for example, then living in retirement who hearing of his old friend's jobless plight—he had just lost his seat in Parliament—asked the then French Government to find him an Embassy.



Paris Newsletter from Sam White

Mirepoix, who is shortly to become president of the Paris Jockey Club.

But this constituted recognition of a foreign title and even so it was the first presidential intervention in such a manner since the 1870's when President MacMahon secured recognition of a title and this time also a foreign one.

To do so in the case of a French title and one which on this occasion would derive from the female and not the male line would create an interesting little uproar.

The whole matter of titles in Republican France produces confusion. In fact the only titles legally recognised with the holder entitled to have it on his passport are those of a handful of dukes numbering now only 38. All the other princes, counts, marquises and barons, with the exception, incidentally, of the French Pretender, the Count of Paris, and his family, have no legal recognition of their titles.

The ducal titles received recognition in the early days of the Republic as "an act of courtesy."

The Comtesse de Pourtales, incidentally, will inherit something like £7,000,000 on the death of her grandmother, the Duchesse de Talleyrand, formerly Anne Gould, the daughter of the great American railway tycoon, Jay Gould.

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: A chateau conference at present being held in

Paris has corrected a widely held misconception. There are not 488 chateaux in France as is commonly supposed, but only 290.

Indignant

I noticed that the French Communist newspaper L'Humanite has been voicing indignation at the amount of space the French Press has been devoting to the birth of Princess Margaret's baby.

A more appropriate subject of indignation might be the smallness of the space L'Humanite and its ugly duckling sister, Liberation, have been devoting to the attacks on Stalin at the recent Moscow Communist Party Congress.

For Liberation this is a matter of special embarrassment as its boss, Emmanuel D'Astier de la Vigerie, is a Stalin peace prize winner.

Altogether, the problem of de-stalinisation is a painful one for the French Communist Party which has been in the grip of men hand-picked by Stalin for 30 years.

The plan

What to do, for example, with all the streets named after Stalin, by Communist parties?

A wit here suggests that when these streets become finally

de-Stalinised the Paris City Council should rename the square outside Communist Party HQ "Place Staline."

Probably no harsher reflection on the mental processes of generals has ever been passed than that which is reported in a recently published book here.

This book, written in collaboration by the political and military correspondents of Le Monde, deals with last April's abortive putsch in Algiers.

It reveals an interesting piece of far-sighted planning by the four generals who organised the putsch.

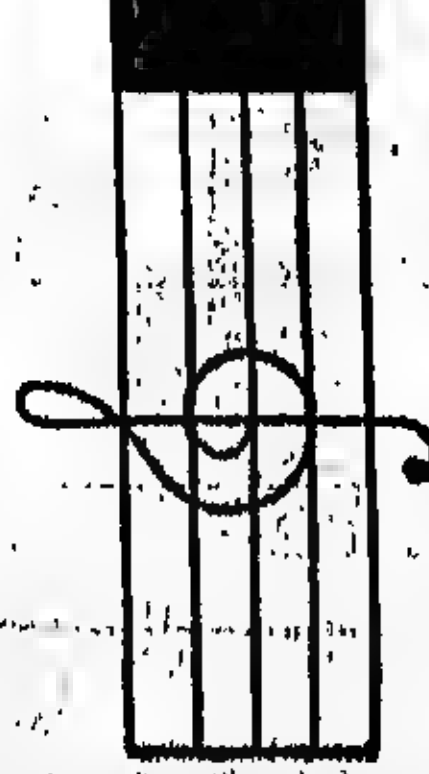
Their problem was what they would do with de Gaulle when they succeeded in overthrowing him.

There were various suggestions such as he should be tried by the High Court for treason, exiled or simply allowed to finish his days in his country home.

Finally it was decided that a formal court martial should be followed by an equally formal ceremony at which de Gaulle would be stripped of his rank and his decorations.

It was decided that the ceremony should take place at the Invalides and that de Gaulle's rank badges and decorations should be ripped off by a Moslem NCO.

THE CHANGING SOCIAL SCENE: I have received an invitation to a party given by the French playwright Marcel Achard who stays regularly on sabbaticals in London. (London Express, December 1st)



CARL MYATT'S NOTES ON NOTES

BOBBY VEE STEPPED INTO

When rock and roll singer Buddy Holly was killed in an air crash, a young man named Bobby Vee moved smoothly in to take the place vacated by Holly.

In all but appearance, Bobby Vee was the same person. He was the same age, the same height, the same build, and apparently similar on-stage personality. But whereas Holly was a lean, gangling young man with a long, lanky neck and curly hair, Bobby Vee was a young man with a more compact build, a more serious expression, and a more polished appearance.

For quite a while, Bobby Vee carried the flag. The new "Buddy Holly" around the time today Bobby does not have to imitate to achieve success. In a very brief period, he has risen to the position of number one singer on the Liberty records. His string of hit records is apparently never ending, and his popularity, particularly in Hongkong, is quite amazing.

On his latest Liberty album called "Bobby Vee's Rockin' 1963," he has a number of the favorite tunes of yesterday.

The LP is divided into two sides—each with a title and a theme. Bobby's talent in the studio is evident in the way he handles the material. He is a natural, and his side you'll find him "School Days," "Earth Angel," and "Summertime."

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BUDDY HOLLY'S SHOES—NOW HE IS A—

It's an album that can take the place of pride alongside the earlier efforts of this fine singer. Remember "Julie Is Her Name," "Julie," "Send For Me," and "Calendar Girl"? If you thought these great songs were the last collection of songs by Julie with certainly delight you.

On Liberty LST 7192

★ ☆ ★
CRAZY MAN!

Since the day "Walk Don't Run" hit the record shops, the Vee brothers have not been able to take their advice. With their instrumental group have been kept so busy working on television and in nightclubs, they have hardly had time to make records.

Dolton however finally closed them down to a "Crazy Man" order. The cover consists of two of the ventures in the gaudiest, craziest, shirts imaginable. One is in black and brown quarters. The other? Well, it's like looking at a prim with sun light glittering on it. It's the cradles in the times they have record contain enough colour to fill a landscape. "Blue Moon," "Yellow Jack," "Greenfield," "Orange Fire," "Blue Skies," "Dig" the for those of you who like the distinctive, the deep, the sound of the Vee brothers, plus bass and drums, this album is well worth hearing.

Specially for those Saturday night parties. An exciting beat. On Dalton 2008.

Credit card to Jean Wong.

★ STAMP NEWS ★

Victorian postal markings on adhesives

THE forerunner of the familiar circular dated hand-stamps was first issued in 1859. Several types of the same pattern were issued for use during the period: with and without index letters, hyphen between HONG and KONG, and in varying diameters.

They were not generally used for cancelling adhesives until 1885; the B62-type obliterations and similar obliterations issued to the postal agencies in the treaty ports were used for this purpose, the datestamp being applied elsewhere on the covers.

A PAID ALL datestamp was introduced in 1868 for postmarking USA mail. In accordance with the Hongkong-U.S. postal convention of 1867 Hongkong agreed to deliver trans-Pacific mail for 1877, the arrangement Hongkong and the treaty ports of Canton, Amoy, Foo-chow and Swatow free of charge; and the U.S. Post Office agreed to deliver inland in the USA without extra charge letters from Hongkong and the four treaty ports paid at the rate of 8 cents each half ounce. Let- ters paid at this rate were struck with the PAID ALL stamp in red.

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A SPORTS CAR

by Linda Ann Wu



HIM
I need a sun-tan,
I love the sun's rays—
I'm so glad I bought
A sports car!

HER
The sun's on my back,
I'm itchy all over
Why did you buy
A SPORTS car?

(Summer)
Wind in my hair,
Cold in my nose,
Why did you buy
A sports car?

(Autumn)
Ice on my cheeks,
Watery eyes
Why did you buy
A SPORTS car?

(Winter)
My make-up is ruined,
The rain messed my hair
Why did you buy
A sports car???

(Spring)
A few drops of rain
Is refreshing to me—
I'm so glad I bought
A sports car!!!

THE boy's spade hit a pouch. The 13-year-old had been digging in a vacant lot. Michael Buckland opened the pouch.

Out tumbled 65 \$20 gold pieces. This good luck had been passed to 13-year-old Michael Buckland in 1960. Michael had to wait one long year to see if the lucky find was his to keep.

Finally 1961 came. One year had crawled by and no one had come forward to claim the gold.

WORTH MORE
The \$20 gold pieces were Michael's. He and his father went to collect the coins bore a San Francisco mint mark. The coins ranged in dates from 1877 to 1907. They are collector's items.

They are actually worth more than their \$20 face value. Due to their age and fine condition the coins have been appraised at about \$50 each.

Michael says he will sell 32 of his coins and put the money he gets from their sale in a savings account. The remaining 33 coins he will keep in a safety deposit box.

To Althea, the Incurrigibly Romantic
from S. Romer
The night was stuffy and damp
With dank drizzle in the air,
The two lovers were having a cramp
From sitting too long in the square.
Ugly beetles buzzed them stupid
The mosquito-filled nullah smelled putrid.
And yet,
I'll bet,
Althea's voice—beautifully chromatic—
Will murmur: "Darling isn't it ROMANTIC?"

THE boy's spade hit a pouch. The 13-year-old had been digging in a vacant lot. Michael Buckland opened the pouch.

DIARY OF A FRESHMAN

by JENNIE WONG

HOW TO WRITE AN ESSAY— IN FIVE HOURS!

AT last, I finished my essay. I closed my text-book with a sigh of relief and went to the window for a few breaths of fresh air. A glance at the clock showed that I took about five hours to complete that piece of unsatisfactory work. Life would have been less hard without essays to write.

I could not help regretting the time I wasted during the last five hours. I needed to collect material for the essay into account. The five hours I spent included time for thinking, writing, and pausing. On the whole, the experience seemed the most captivating.

Excitement

Before long, I felt a d. The remedy was to pick up a comic and skim through it quickly.

Having satisfied myself with the comic, I returned to the essay. I was on my way to finishing it when the door-bell rang and I dashed off to meet Dad who came home with a package of edibles.

My excitement over the edibles did not subside until I realised that I was supposed to be writing my essay. This time I was sure to finish it and completed it after an hour.

Fate

This way of doing my homework has been customary since I was a schoolgirl. However, there was only one essay or sometimes none in a week, but at least two essays every week.

People who saw me pondering over my work for hours thought me studious, and I myself could not help worrying about my "studiousness."

Peculiar
After that, I forgot the spelling of several words. While I searched for their meaning, some peculiar words popped into my head. They had no connection with the subject.

Cookies
When I had finished the introduction, I felt that there was something unusual happening in the street. On discovering that it was as peaceful as usual, while I was waiting for something alarming to happen. After that, I went to fetch a cup of tea and a handful of cookies.

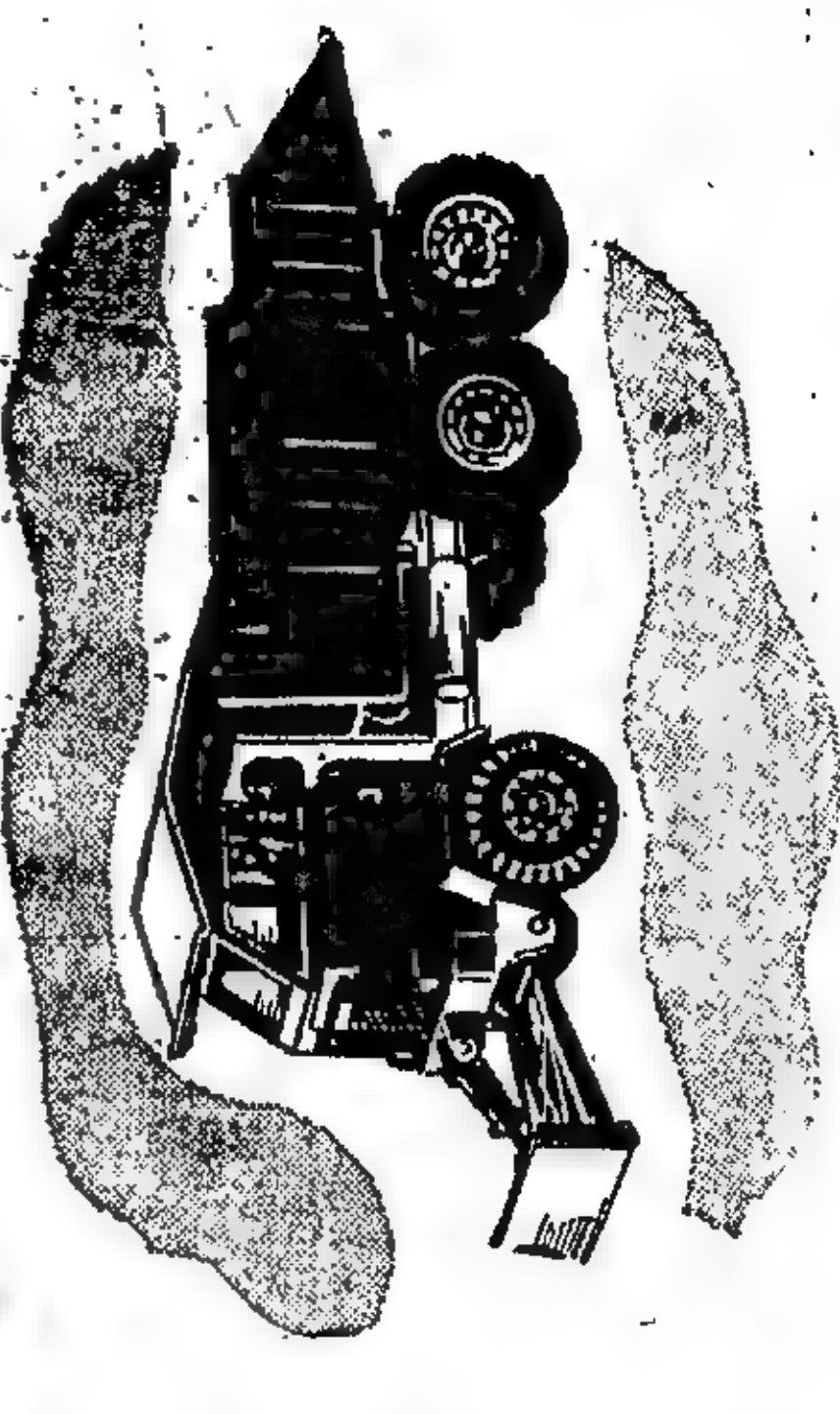
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NEW

Dinky Supertoy No. 939. Foden Dump Truck.

Here's another splendid earth-moving vehicle to add to your collection of Dinky Supertoy. Like the others, the Foden Dump Truck is a hefty, well-built giant with massive rubber wheels, a big, powerful engine, and a scraper blade in front can also be raised and lowered.

DINKY TOYS
Made in England by Meccano Ltd.

SUSAN BARNES*****SHOW BUSINESS

'I am greedy to learn about life' says Miss York

AT 20, Susannah York manages to look like a grammar-school girl—a tall one, rather gangling, and unusually appealing.

She arrived for lunch in Vienna's smartest hotel wearing a short scarlet dress, modelled on a gym slip, and a starched white blouse. Her blonde hair was caught up in two little pigtail ties with white ribbons. She looked enchanting.

Ducked

"I am terribly easily embarrassed," she said, after we had settled ourselves at a table. "One must be an exhibitionist to be an actress. But when I am off-stage, when I am myself—Susannah York—I become very self-conscious."

She ducked her head and prodded the table cloth with her finger.

"It is only when I am acting professionally," she continued, "and can hide in another character that I am daring. Then I can dare and dare and

BUT-OF THE FUTURE SHE SAYS 'WORLDLY SUCCESS IS NOT IMPORTANT TO ME'

And I like being daring." Susannah inserted a cigarette in a sophisticated holder which contrasted effectively with her unpainted mouth.

"Only occasionally in real life," she said, "can I feel inhibited if an atmosphere can grab me and drown me, anything can happen. It might be a super day that would grab me. Or a taxi driver might have talked German to me and I understood. But it has to be spontaneous. It can't be calculated."

Susceptible

Susannah's large blue eyes widened and shone. Their skilful make-up and the two furrows running alongside Susannah's nose and mouth are the only things at odds with the schoolgirl's face.

"I'm terribly susceptible to autumn," she went on. "It is so laughing and so sad, and one seems to spin from one mood to the other."

"Today I had been singing to myself in my room, and I walked out into the hotel corridor still singing. I suddenly realised that the bellboys and maids were all looking at me, and I remembered where I was. So I looked around as if I too was wondering who this awful person was making all the noise."

Susannah laughed happily, and her cigarette fell out of its holder. She put it back in and continued.

"I'm terribly ignorant about so much and I'm greedy to learn. Both Mike and I are interested in art and writing and antique shops. Sometimes in the evening we read poetry



Susannah York... "I think a certain amount of self-mystery is essential"

to each other, or we sit scribbling at our separate desks until midnight. It's almost like being fellow students."

Michael Wells is Susannah's husband. They were married two years ago when they were both studying drama. She was 18 and he was 20.

Surprise

Since then Susannah, with parts in only two films (*Tunes of Glory* and *The Greening of Summer*), has zoomed to stardom. Her husband's career has not flourished.

"Like most students," Susannah said, "we were all rather aesthetic in those days, and would read poetry and drink black coffee."

"And then suddenly the next stage took me by surprise. I have a terrible conscience. You know? I'd had a very strict upbringing, and it seemed to me it was all right to feel attracted physically to someone only if you were planning to marry him."

"Also I had a tremendous liking for Mike. So we got married."

Susannah used her fingernail to incise a circle deeper and deeper into the tablecloth. "One part of me," she said, "longs for protection. The other part is against planning."

"I couldn't have got married if there had been invitations and things. The only way was the way Mike did it, by saying: 'We're getting married' on Saturday. I didn't have a chance to get frightened and back out."

"Do you mind if I push this aside? It looks super, but I can't concentrate when I'm eating."

Susannah set aside her plate of food and concentrated on the business of lighting another cigarette. When it seemed to be secure in its holder, she returned to the subject of marriage.

"It's very difficult if the girl is more successful," she said. "She should be the weaker person. She's forced into this strong position."

Stronger

"In fields outside acting, Mike is the stronger. So we play up these fields in our private life. I suppose this is running away; that I'm shutting my eyes." Susannah cupped her chin in her hands and shut her eyes tightly. When she opened them again, she continued:—

"Worldly success is not basically important to me. But it's very difficult if you've got a girl more successful than a man and you mix with people to whom this matters."

"You would have to be insensitive if you failed to see that the other person is hurt. All the troubles of these marriages are born in the minds of other people. Eventually it's too difficult to withstand."

Susannah drew more circles with her fingernail.

"It's a daily problem, obviously. But we try not to show it matters too much."

Critical

"I try terribly hard to lessen the tension. And he is a tremendously understanding person. There's no jealousy on his part. He's sincerely critical."

"If I get stuck on how to play a part I go to him and ask his advice. He can get me over bad bits whenever I have a block. He's extremely good like this."

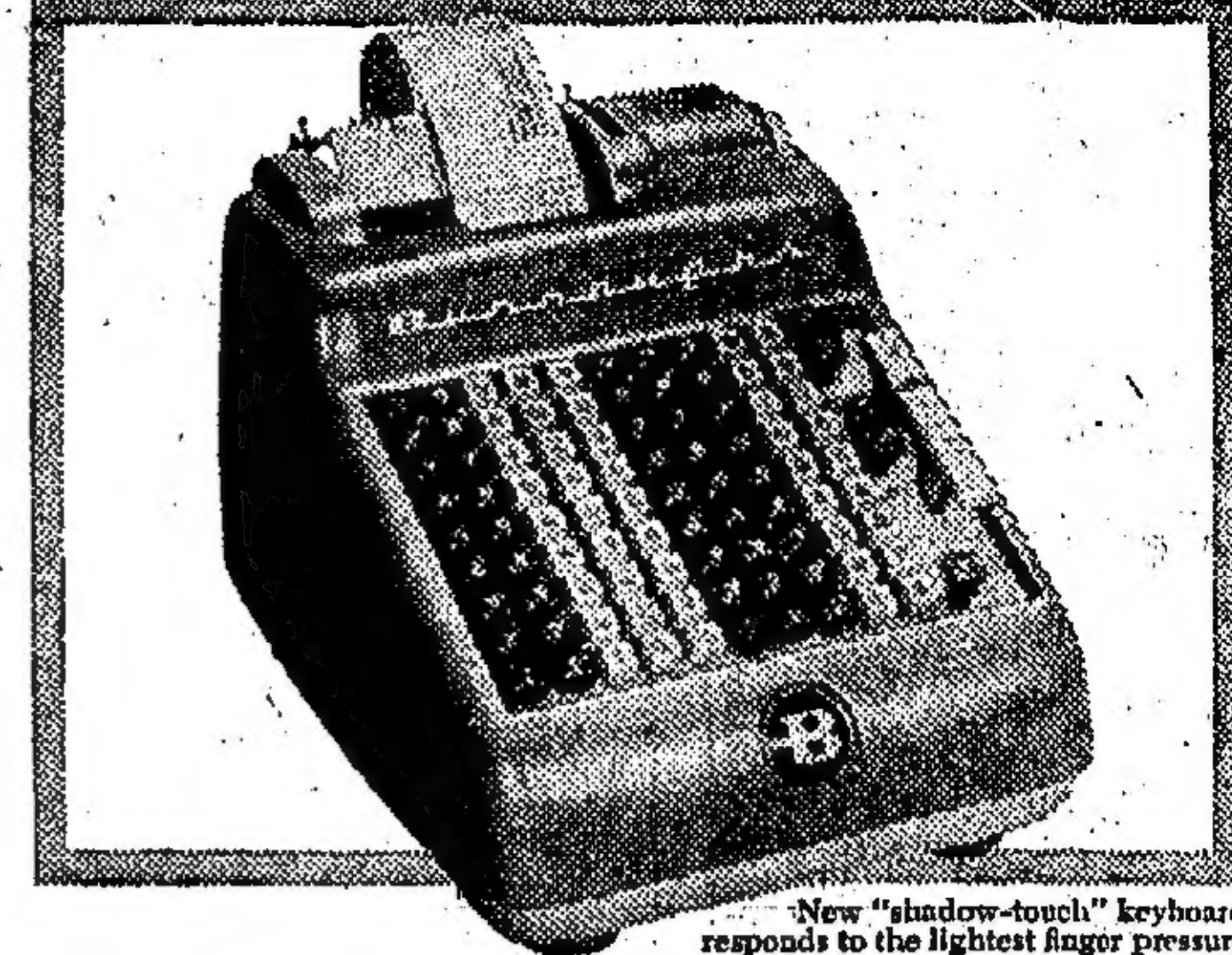
"And I have a great respect for his acting ability. I think it's a matter of time and his waiting and trying."

I changed the subject to the aim of Freud which she is currently making. In it she plays the part of a key patient in Freud's advances in psychoanalysis.

"In real life," said Susannah, "I analyse myself tremendously, but I'm not one of those people who has the guts to know everything about yourself."

"I think a certain amount of self-mystery is essential to a thinking person in order to survive. How can you bear to go on if you know everything about yourself?"

Susannah arranged her cutlery in a new pattern. In another cigarette, replaced it in its holder when again it fell out, and continued.



Here's why the Burroughs P200 is the most easily operated adding machine in its field!

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FINDLATER'S DRY FLY



... A Superb Sherry

A gracious welcome to your guests

Sole Agents **GILMAN & COMPANY LTD.**

BOOK PAGE

Noise, gossip, vulgarity—these were the things Agate needed most

CRIME SHELF

● **STRANGLEHOLD.** Desmond Cory, Muller. 13s. 6d. Young British shipping man (ex-Naval officer, ex-smuggler) in Casablanca is commissioned by unscrupulous tycoon to disentangle daughter from diamond-robbery set in Spain, Back-grounds of Morocco, Madrid, Costa Brava. First-class story telling, sustained dry humour, a must.

● **THE TIME OF TERROR.** Lionel White, Boardman. 12s. 6d. Magnificent build-up of tension as out-of-work suburbanite becomes, in despairing mad moment, a kidnapper, and unscrupulous bar-room friends discover and exploit his crime. Great stuff.

● **WHEN SCHOLARS FALL.** Timothy Fothergill. 16s. Thoughtfully Scotland Yard send a Balliol man to investigate murder of a socialist don at Oxford. Somewhat mannered, plummy-voiced telling of a slightly mad tale, should go down well at Cambridge, undoubtedly will at the other place.

● **TARGET FOR TERROR.** T. C. H. Jacobs. Hale. 10s. 6d. Newspaperman Paris-based, tangles with French secret service, Communists, ex-wife, international crooks in France and Tunisia. Rumbustious, improbable, undemanding, just the thing for a quiet holiday read.

● **NIGHT ON PENWITH.** Frances B. Clark, Hammond. 12s. 6d. Costume-piece, skulduggery among landed gentry in Cornwall at turn of the century, corpses in china-clay pits, smugglers, black sheep in the family, skeletons in cupboard. Quite a chintzy charm, however.

● **UNCERTAIN JUDGEMENT.** Gilroy Mitchell, Dobson. 13s. 6d. English private eye, investigating deaths from which he and his wife will benefit financially, becomes a murder suspect, and gets nasty domestic shocks. Unpretentious, easy to read, effective.

● **THE SHORT REACTION.** John Galsworthy. 12s. 6d. Murders in a private hospital, mayhem in Thames-side clubs and St. Mawes by traffickers in a super-tranquilliser. Fast-moving, exciting, excellently written.

JOHN CLARKE.

by George Malcolm Thomson

AGATE ANTHOLOGY. Edited by Herbert Van Thal, Hart-Davis. 21s.

JAMES AGATE was a bulky, battered figure with a bright and hostile eye, a little clown's nose, and an undefinably sinister air.

He was the best dramatic critic of the London of his time, the 'twenties and 'thirties of this century.

He made money by his work and spent it on hard living. A brief, uneventful marriage, ending in divorce, left him open to a wide variety of friendships.

At the time Arnold Bennett met him in 1920, the novelist could note in his diary: "J. E. Agate... a man of 40 or so, rather coarse-looking, and therefore rather coarse in some things. Fastidiously. The man has points and refinements but he is fundamentally unintelligent."

Amazement

It is an unattractive picture and not wholly perceptive. Agate's weaknesses were not in the sphere of intelligence.

Yet it is fair to say that Agate would probably have preferred that extract to the terser mention of him in Bennett's published diary: "A man named Agate joined us."

It is easy to say that Agate's career ran to waste on third-rate work. That if he had not been so copious, so diligent, so greedy for money and so spend-thrift when he got it, his real, underlying, over-worked, abused strain of talent would have flourished.

The judgment is absurd.

Agate was not quietist. He needed noise, gossip and a touch of vulgarity. Something brutal, something meretricious in the quality of his surroundings was essential to stimulate his mind.

It is more to the point to stand in amazement, wondering that, amid such a disorderly and foolish life, so much first-class work was done! It was done because Agate had one abiding passion in life—for the theatre and its people.

With what feeling Agate wrote of the great actresses bathed in fame and doomed to oblivion! His essay on Bernhardt, opens: "In front of her glass, physically exhausted but ever so mentally alert, sits the great workwoman."

In this Anthology, one item stands out in quality, the long extract from his life of Rachel. Himself something of an out-cast, Agate was thrilled by the Jewish waif who became France's greatest tragic actress.

He understood, with some part of himself, the intuitive genius of the young woman who could thrill the most cultivated audience in the world by uttering words she did not fully understand.

Rachel's viciousness, her longing for the gutter, her loves, her avarice, her art, made a profound appeal to the man and poet, in Agate. The result is a study that Hazlitt could not have bettered.

In his notes on the passing show, in the diaries, above all in the remarkable *Ego* scrap-book, he revealed an ear for anecdote, a capacity for listening and the good journalist's habit of putting down on paper what he had heard.

Witty...

The obituary Agate wrote of himself—a document which, naturally, hides more than it tells—ends thus: "The subject is inexhaustible, like the man himself. His death eclipses the gaiety of newspapers. His enemies will miss him."

It was a witty last flourish, and untrue.

He was missed, for all sorts of reasons, by his friends.

From the 30-odd books Agate wrote, a most diverting selection is on offer here. It would probably not be hard to glean as much more of equal merit from the writings of this ingenious and busy man.

(London Express Service).

Such a mix up in the love game!

A SEVERED HEAD. By Iris Murdoch. Chatto and Windus. 18s.

If you ever learned trigonometry, you will appreciate Miss Murdoch's fifth novel.

Trigonometry, you will recall, establishes the relations between the sides and angles of the triangle. And very unexpected they can be.

The triangle here seems simple enough. Comfortably installed at the apex is Martin Lynch-Gibbon, a wine importer, fortify, cultivated; at the base are his wife Antonia (older) and his mistress Georgie (younger). But turn the triangle up so that Antonia is the apex, and we find the third corner occupied not by Georgie, but by Antonia's lover, Palmer, her psychoanalyst.

Sinister sister

And so to what one may call the tangential relations. Not only is Martin conscious of a mild homosexual tie between himself and Palmer; he now adopts a filial role as well.

But this is still a beginning. It is trigonometry that makes this world go round. Martin is confronted next with an incestuous relationship between Palmer and his somewhat sinister step-sister, Honor Klein, who splits napkins in two with a Samurai sword.

Then Martin's brother, Alexander, enters the picture. He is having an affair with Martin's wife and his mistress. Martin himself (who tells the story) ends up with Honor.

In this witty, original, eccentric novel, Miss Murdoch applies her irreverent but inquiring mind to some highly unorthodox research into the complexities of love. She also throws a handful of bones to the serious-minded critics to pick.

What is being symbolised? What is the significance of the Samurai sword? What does it all mean?

Every reader will answer the last question in his own way, especially all those Moscow students who, one learns, with stupefaction, are busily preparing theses on the works of Miss Murdoch. They will simply hail *A Severed Head* as an indictment of the moral bankruptcy of the bourgeois capitalist world.

And I have a horrible, lurking fear that they may be right.

Harold Harris

(London Express Service).

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CHRISTMAS COMFORT FOR MEN ONLY

"I try terribly hard to lessen the tension. And he is a tremendously understanding person. There's no jealousy on his part. He's sincerely critical."

"If I get stuck on how to play a part I go to him and ask his advice. He can get me over bad bits whenever I have a block. He's extremely good like this."

"And I have a great respect for his acting ability. I think it's a matter of time and his waiting and trying."

I changed the subject to the aim of Freud which she is currently making. In it she plays the part of a key patient in Freud's advances in psychoanalysis.

"In real life," said Susannah, "I analyse myself tremendously, but I'm not one of those people who has the guts to know everything about yourself."

"I think a certain amount of self-mystery is essential to a thinking person in order to survive. How can you bear to go on if you know everything about yourself?"

Susannah arranged her cutlery in a new pattern. In another cigarette, replaced it in its holder when again it fell out, and continued.

DIVING FOR PLEASURE (3) — BY CLAY BLAIR, JUN.

CHASING SHARKS

"WHAT about sharks?" I asked Marx as we pondered where we should search for treasure.

"They're all over the place down here," Marx said. "But they don't bother you. All that stuff you read in treasure books is a lot of baloney. You've never heard of a serious diver complaining of sharks."

"But what about those pictures I have seen in the papers of men bitten by sharks?"

"Usually that happens in plane crashes, or when ships are torpedoed. Men are wounded, thrashed in the water, blood is all over the place. Mostly it happens far out at sea where big sharks roam, and where they can't find much to eat. Sharks are scavengers. They prey on wounded fish and men. But if you're alive, unwounded, and under control, don't worry."

Routine

My utter scepticism must have shown through my smile.

Marx said, "All right, damn it. I'll prove it to you. We'll go shark hunting right here while they get the boat ready for the trip to the mainland."

From the pictures he showed us and previous accounts I knew that Marx considered shark

hunting routine. He had landed many big ones, including a 10-foot hammerhead shark, with no physical damage to himself.

Nevertheless, I slept fitfully that night. I was still uneasy when we got underway early the next morning, sailing north along the lee shore of Cozumel.

After an hour's cruise we anchored near a promising reef. We donned our face plates and flippers and readied our spearguns. Marx chose a single rubber arbut, ordinarily used to shoot fish of 15 lb. or less. I was startled.

"Are you going to shoot a shark with that pop gun?" I asked. To me, it was comparable to setting out on an elephant hunt with a .22 rifle.

"Without an aqualung and a powerful gun it is more sporting," Marx replied.

One's first dive into the clear waters of the Caribbean is a breathtaking experience. The

water is so clear, in fact, that Marx told us many of his tourists had experienced slight vertigo when submerged.

Space

Capt. J. Y. Cousteau, the world-famous diver who developed the aqualung, had a similar reaction in the Salvage Islands between Madeira and the Canaries.

He described it in his book "The Silent World." "We exchanged glances and cautiously put our eyes under again, holding on to the ship," he wrote. "We saw the bottom a hundred feet down in naked detail."

The author, Clay Blair, Jun., and a leading skin-diver, Robert Marx, having given up their quest for the sunken "Yankee Cheesebox," the Monitor, turn their attention to sunken treasure—and sharks. In this chapter the author describes his underwater experiences with barracuda and sharks near Cozumel on the desolate Yucatan coast.

"There seemed no water below us. There were no notes of animals, plants or minerals in that space. It was distilled water, not the benign, speckled, crumpled element we called clear water, in which exceptional visibility embraced an area no bigger than a concert hall. We saw a horrible bright landscape."

"If we let go our handholds, we thought we might plummet through empty space and crash on the mellow rocks that ranged far across the floor."

Football

We took no accurate measurement, but I am dead certain that we could see almost the length of a football field in all directions.

Out of the corner of my eye, I saw Marx jackknife and head for the bottom, his right arm and the speargun held out straight as an arrow. A large silvery pompano swam into his line of sight.

Marx kicked gently with his flipper to close the range. The pompano moved toward the reef. Marx veered and skillfully placed himself between the reef and fish (always the best strategy if it can be applied, he said later). Bennett and I marvelled at his skill.

It struggled briefly while Marx hauled in on the retrieving line and then grasped the fish by its eye sockets. With the fish well in hand, Marx kicked hard for the surface. He had been down at least two minutes on his own breath. Bennett and I marvelled at his skill.

Just then, we were surrounded by half a dozen barracuda. A barracuda, glimpsed for the first time underwater, is a terrifying sight. When they move in view, my initial impulse was to get out of the water—fast. I am sure I would have done so if I had been alone. But neither Marx nor Bennett seemed dis-

turbed by the appearance of these fish, so I fought down my panic and stared at them transfixed.

Fear

The barracuda is a disagreeable and formidable-looking fish. It is long and slim and it has an ugly mouth, crowded with razor-sharp teeth. Unlike most species of fish, it is unusually inquisitive and seemingly quite bold.

Our group, for example, had closed to only several feet range. All of them were hanging dead still in the water staring wide-eyed directly at us, opening and closing their fearsome mouths in a menacing, rhythmic motion. They looked like a group of hoodlums.

Will barracuda harm a skin diver? Definitely not. Usually we were surrounded by scores of barracuda while diving at Cozumel. We were never attacked by a barracuda or even threatened. In fact, every time we swam towards one it would scoot away in fear.

In talks with many Caribbean and Florida divers, I have yet



Marx grabs a live shark by the tail.

Too late! Cappy had moved it far beyond reach. I recalled that the previous evening Marx had said: "If you're underwater and you swim toward a shark, he'll run away from you."

In retrospect it seems insane but that is exactly what I did. When the shark was about 10 feet away and swimming directly toward me, I took a deep breath and went under—down to about five or six feet—and swam directly toward him.

How I have relished that scene in my mind! Every detail of it is indelibly engraved in my memory: the dull, hound-dog eyes, the mouthful of teeth, and the massive white belly.

As I swam for him, I was neither praying nor getting set for certain death, as I suppose I should have been, but rather observing it all with a sort of uneasy detachment.

The affair at that instant reminded me of the teenage game of "chicken," in which two teenagers drive cars down the road directly at each other. According to the rules of this macabre game, the teenager who veers out of the way first is "chicken."

Chickened

When he was not more than five feet from me, the shark "chickened." He veered away sharply and went back down again.

I came up for a breath of air, then went under again, thinking—needlessly as it turned out—that it would be better to present this wounded shark my full body rather than two dangling legs.

I saw then that he had shaken loose the second spear and was swimming off in the grey, dim distance. Marx was alongside the dinghy loading still another spear. And then we were off, swimming after the shark. Marx was determined to land him.

We soon found him again, lurking under another coral head. Even from a range of twenty feet or so, I could see the two holes in the top of his head. They were neat and clean, like bullet holes in a piece of steel. Blood was pouring out of one of the holes. When he saw us, the shark swam away.

Then, to my growing concern, two more sharks appeared. One was about eight feet long; the other, a baby, about four feet. The small one was flying wings on the big one. I saw them first, coming in from the sea.

They swam toward me, rising close to the surface, then arching back down again. By the time they had passed, I felt slightly faint. I was certain that the new sharks had come to eat the wounded, and that I would be mistaken for shark steak. I wished very much that I could get out of the water. But Marx pressed on after the first wounded shark, while the others swam around us.

He put another spear into the shark and lost that one. After two hours of chasing, we gave up. If Marx had been alone and had persisted, I am sure he could have landed the shark. He does not like to let a wounded fish get away. It's part of the code of the sea.

I was trying to get into shooting position when, suddenly, the ray zoomed directly up towards us and crashed to the surface between Marx and me, thrashing madly.

I was temporarily smothered by one of the massive slimy wings, but the dangerous whipping tail missed us both. Then all at once, the ray died. He sank and hung motionless at the end of the white line directly beneath Marx.

Later, Bennett and I recalled that day on the reef with amazement. It seemed impossible that in such a brief space we could have grappled with such a great variety of sea monsters.

For Marx, accustomed by then to the incredible abundance of sea life on Cozumel's reefs, it had been routine. "Actually," he said, "I've had much better days. And there have been few days that I set out to land a shark and failed."

I looked underwater toward Bennett. He shook his head slowly as if to indicate Marx had lost all his senses. I shared this feeling.

Seconds later, we were aware of tremendous conflict within the cave. Sand and tiny bits of coral were expelled from the many holes and crevices on top and soon Marx emerged slowly carrying his empty speargun. He had fired at the shark inside the cave!

Then the shark emerged through a "back door" on the opposite side of the reef, trailing two white lines. At that same instant a huge jewfish, apparently ejected from his home by the excitement, swam out of another gap in the coral.

The shark had momentarily come to rest, so I watched the enormous tank-like jewfish, as it lumbered by. It was fat and ugly, and estimated to weigh 500 lb.

Not many minutes later Marx waved us to a stop. He pointed toward the sandy bottom. I could see nothing at first.

As I peered intently, I made out the outline of a huge sting ray buried in the sand. As is well known, the sting ray is equipped with defensive armament, a whip-like tail with a sharp barb near the base.

Many bathers have felt the bite of this barb when they accidentally stepped on a ray. But no ray has been known to attack man deliberately.

Some skin divers have grabbed the eye sockets of huge sting rays and have been taken on wild rides through the deep.

Berserk

We had already speared three rays, the largest of which weighed about 150 pounds. But this one was obviously good picture material, so Bennett once again got the camera ready while Marx readied the gun.

Then down Marx went, aiming for the centre of this valentine-shaped beast. I could hear the sharp high-pitched rattle of the spear as it left the gun. I believe the spear must have struck the ray squarely in the brain because it immediately went totally berserk and began careering around in every direction. I had no fear of the ray whatsoever so I moved in with my gun.

Bennett was struggling valiantly to get into a position that would put both Marx and me in the same picture frame—but it was hopeless.

I joined Marx on the surface that day on the reef with amazement. It seemed impossible that in such a brief space we could have grappled with such a great variety of sea monsters.

For Marx, accustomed by then to the incredible abundance of sea life on Cozumel's reefs, it had been routine. "Actually," he said, "I've had much better days. And there have been few days that I set out to land a shark and failed."

Next Week: Treasure from a galleon



Robert Marx with a sting ray he speared off Cozumel.

HONGKONG COUNCIL OF SOCIAL SERVICE



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• BY • THE • WAY •

by Beachcomber

EXPERIMENTS at the University of Wisconsin have led to the discovery that baby monkeys, "show better results" when left with their mothers than when transferred to mechanical mothers made of chicken wire cloth, and bits of machinery.

This will discourage the experiments with an electronic mother-brain which would take charge of children soon after their birth and bring them up scientifically, thus releasing more women for the factories.

Two men, or a horse?

MR. TINKLEBURY, SNAIL DRIVER, for the duration, maintained that since nobody really believed that Moses, Lumpy and Bobby were real horses, to expect them to eat oats was unreasonable. Mr. Honeyweather Goosebottle, for the prosecution, said that unless the men declared themselves for the cause of the snails, they were to be considered as snail drivers. "I thought you said," Lumpy said, "that snails could hardly be expected to serve them in the stables."

with three-course meals. Such foolery would demoralise the other horses.

Cookleacrot: Were they supposed to eat their oats with a knife and fork, off a plate? Lumpy: Or to eat their soup, meat and pudding out of a manger or a nosebag? Oh, I say, look here!

A SMALL party of bird-watchers who sat down in Trafalgar Square to study pigeons were well carried off by the police, charged with breach of the peace of this realm.

Lipton's "Parachute Lost"

"AMERICANS," says a writer, "go ahead, though they be, have a real reverence for the best." Some years ago an American was shown Milton's cottage at Chalfont. Sir Gilbert said: "I had no idea," said his English friend, "that you Americans thought so much of Milton." "Milton?" said the American. "I thought you said Lipton." (London Express Service)

Near-panic

The eerie scene I have described had been taking place below me in slow-motion (everything seems to move in slow-motion underwater) as if in a kind of faraway land.

But now the shark, in its slow, ponderous manoeuvres, began gaining altitude. That meant he was coming closer to my dangling feet. Momentarily he veered directly toward Bennett, who looked ridiculous trying to balance himself underwater and focus his bulky camera on the shark.

As the shark approached I saw Bennett back away in order to get the whole fish in the picture frame. The spear was still sticking up out of the shark's head, like an automobile radio antenna.

Suddenly, the shark changed course again and headed towards me. I remember thinking, I hope he does not think we have him boxed in and that he must fight his way out. I'll gladly slip aside and let him exit through my area.

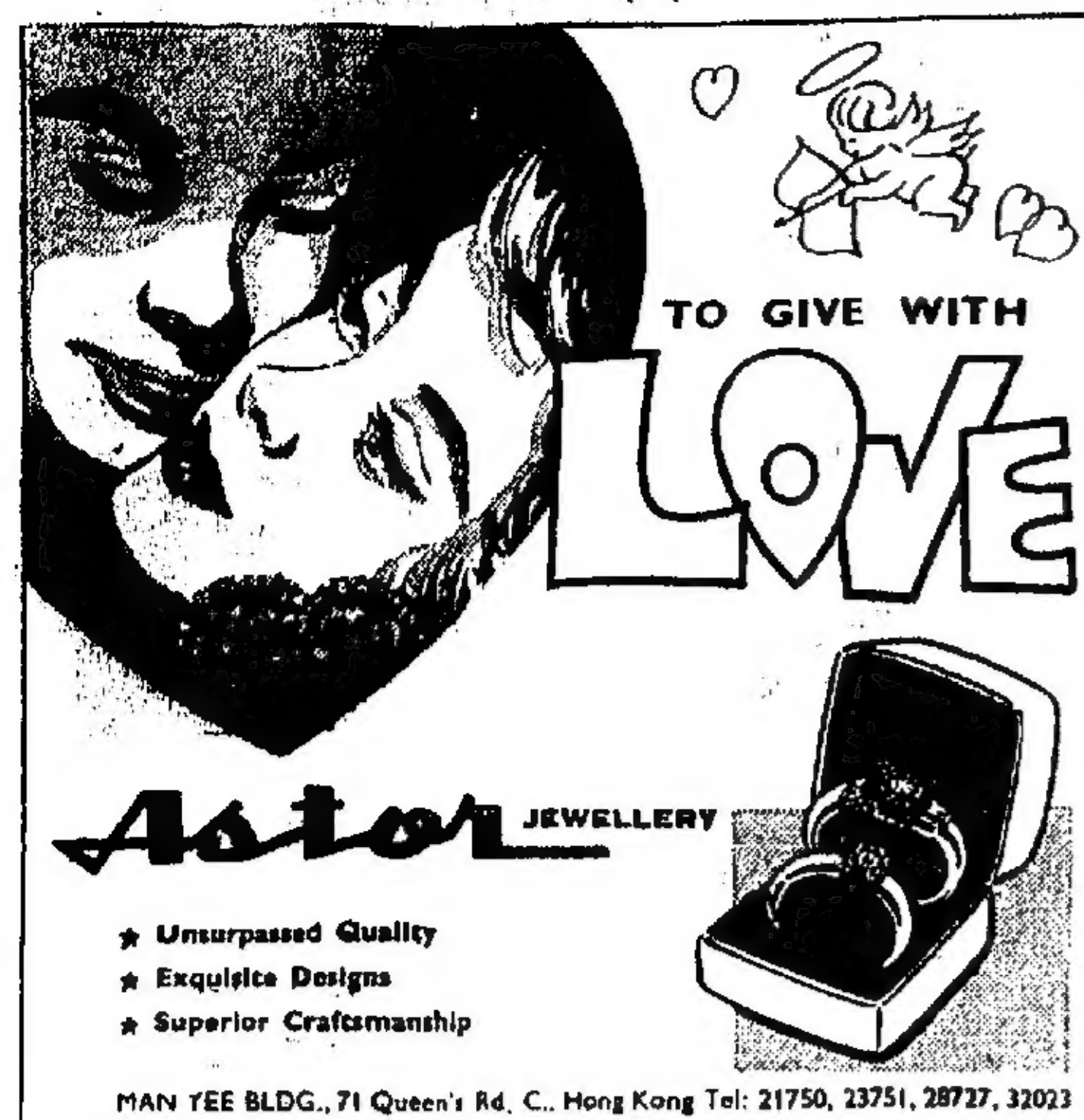
He was not moving rapidly but he was coming almost head-on. At that moment I had no gun. It was in the boat. What to do? In a flash of near-panic I lifted my head out of the water to search for the dinghy.

Extraordinary

We now witnessed an extraordinary scene. Another shark which Marx had been hunting, in a desperate attempt to get away, disappeared into a coral cave.

Bennett and I kept an eye on the cave, and then pointed to it when Marx was ready to go under again. (This was unnecessary, because the white line from the dinghy to the spear in the shark's all clearly pointed the way, but at least we had the feeling that we were helping out.)

Marx swam swiftly down the cave, the cave which was almost on the sandy ocean bottom. Then, to my amazement, he entered the cave and disappeared from sight.



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the time
—until she had
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And men, delectable men, waiting...
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But one man,
Who had the superbly manlike ability,
To calculate, sometimes, that the thing a woman
says she doesn't want is the one thing she does.
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He was different from all the others.
He came out of a cloud of admirers who all looked
the same.
With something new,
A Rolex watch.
And suddenly it was a better idea than any the
others had had.
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It was more feminine than cars—even though it
was precision, quietest.
It was completely hers.
And she loved it.

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SATURDAY SPORTS SPOT

Meet our guests A SWEDISH FAREWELL from Yugoslavia

This weekend we have the honour to welcome the national football team of Yugoslavia to our midst.

It is seldom indeed that we enjoy the pleasure of seeing one of the world's greatest sides in action. It seems almost soccer sacrilege that the HKFA has seen fit to field a representative eleven which by any reckoning, is no better than a makeshift 'reserve' side against this world class opposition. The rather pitiful revised line-up is even more "reserved" than the original one.

The time to argue about the wisdom or folly of this controversial decision will come after the visitors have departed. For the moment please accept my invitation to 'meet the Yugoslavs'.

As a footballing nation Yugoslavia staked its first real claim to international recognition with a good showing in the 1930 World Cup and since then it has climbed steadily up the precarious ladder to earning fame with a series of outstanding post-war achievements.

In 1948 they reached the finals of the Olympic competition in London and two years later they hit the highspots during the World Cup in South America until beaten by Brazil, the losing finalists.

Olympic champions

West Germany, the winners of the World Cup in 1954, beat the young Yugoslavian side in the quarter-finals and by a strange coincidence the same country also knocked them out of the 1958 competition... and again it was in the quarter-finals.

But it was not all a case of disappointment for the mid-European footballers. They gained second place in the 1956 Melbourne Olympics and went one better last year in Rome when they crowned their great ambitions by winning the coveted Olympic Championship.

One of the most interesting features to the development of football in Yugoslavia is not merely that the country has produced a wonderful crop of fine players but that it has also turned out a succession of brilliant coaches who are now scattered all over the world.

However, football fans generally know more about players than they do about coaches and many of the Yugoslavian stars have won glittering international reputations. Few keen followers of the game have not

heard of men like Beara, Cakovic, Mitic, Vukobratovic, Horvat, Zebec and even Milutinovich while, in the immediate past, names such as Boskov, Sekulic and Kostic have flashed along the cable lines of the world.

Nowadays Yugoslavian football is organised on a national basis with seven regional associations governing the domestic affairs of the game... and providing 2,000 entries for the National Cup Competition.

Record

Red Star of Belgrade has been the country's most consistently successful side with four league titles in the last six years but Partizan of Belgrade are the present champions.

To give you a little background on our illustrious visitors here is part of their recent record.

1960 OLYMPIC GAMES
Yugoslavia 4 UAR 1
Yugoslavia 4 Turkey 3
Yugoslavia 3 Bulgaria 3
Yugoslavia 1 Italy 1
(Won on the toss of a coin)
Yugoslavia 3 Denmark 1
The Yugoslav line-up in the Olympic final was: Vukobratovic, Jandrić, Zanic, Durkovic, Perisic, Ankovic, Matus, Gelic, Knez, Kostic.

1958 WORLD CUP
Yugoslavia 1 Scotland 1
Yugoslavia 3 France 2
Yugoslavia 3 Paraguay 3
Yugoslavia 0 West Germany 1
OTHER INTERNATIONALS
Yugoslavia 5 France 4
(July 1960)
Yugoslavia 1 Russia 2
(July 1960)
Yugoslavia 1 Hungary 1
(Oct. 1960)
Yugoslavia 3 England 3
(May 1960)
Yugoslavia 5 South Korea 1
(Sept. 1961)
Yugoslavia 2 Austria 1
(Oct. 1961)
Yugoslavia 2 South Korea 1
(Nov. 1961)
Yugoslavia 1 All Japan 0
(Nov. 1961)

And finally here are some vital statistics on Yugoslavian football. The game is governed by the 'Futbalski Savez Jugoslavije' which was founded in 1919 and was affiliated to the international body in 1923. At present in the country there are 1,426 clubs, 2,873 teams, 600 professionals, 64,000 amateurs, 12,000 juniors and 1,416 registered referees. The national team's colours are blue shirts, white shorts and red stockings.

With such a magnificent record our visitors have every right to enter the arena as proud top-of-the-bill performers.

We still remember the wonderful display by the previous Yugoslavian side which played on the Hongkong Stadium six years ago. The big question now is... will the latter sort of team we are fielding tonight be good enough to provide a real test for the tourists?

Let us hope our players rise above themselves and make this a memorable milestone in our football progress.

DOCTOR GETS WRONG 'SYMPTOMS'

Courageous Dr Paul Laven, the famous German sports commentator who in 1936 braved political wrath to say his piece about fair play in sport for men of all creeds and colours, was most impressed by much of what he heard and saw in Hongkong.

I had the pleasure of several conversations with the good doctor during the latter part of his stay and frankly I was surprised at some of the rather distorted information about HONGKONG sport which Dr Laven had collected from various sources.

Fortunately on the final day of his stay he had a hurriedly arranged meeting with Mr A. de O. Sales, chairman of the Olympic Committee and Amateur Sports Federation of Hongkong, who was able to correct many of the misconceptions which Dr Laven had gathered.

This raised a most important public relations issue and it would serve Hongkong sport well if those people who are 'responsible' for the itinerary of visitors from the international sphere were to ensure that they get a chance to meet the officials responsible for the administration of Colony sports. And who are charged with the responsibility for its future.

Through the constantly changing scene of our sporting community there passes an apparently endless parade of personalities.

Many bring us real pleasure and add something to our knowledge; others are quickly relegated to the 'gone and quickly forgotten' class and finally there is still a third category.

These are the sportsmen who arrive, do the job in hand and, without causing any particular enthusiasm or rubbing any feathers the wrong way, they take their leave almost unnoticed.

The visiting footballers of the Norrking and Gottenberg clubs of Sweden fit very neatly into this final category. They were a very pleasant group of young men and if they were far from inspired performers at least they tried to play their football honestly and with a wholesome regard for the laws of the game.

A pleasure

It was a pleasure, for example, to see players accepting even the most doubtful decisions without protest or demonstration and if their quick handshake set after a physical tilt with an opponent eventually wore a bit thin at least it made an acceptable spectacle for the fans on the terracing even if it didn't always immediately console the opponent who had been involved.

A lot — in fact much too much — has been made of the 'amateur' status of the Swedish players.

In the eyes of the Olympic authorities, their own association and in fact their own country... they are not in fact 'pure' amateurs. That is not an accusation... it is a statement of fact based on the voluntary withdrawal of the Swedish footballers from the last Olympic Games on the grounds that the Swedish administrators openly admitted that their players could not satisfy the Olympic definition of an amateur.

No doubt the Swedish footballers are not professionals in the sense that British, Spanish or Italian footballers are professionals but rewards can be

By
I. M. MacTAVISH

THE ROYAL HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB

4TH RACE MEETING

Saturday, 25th November and Saturday, 2nd December, 1961.

(To be held under the Rules of The Royal Hong Kong Jockey Club)

THE PROGRAMME WILL CONSIST OF 16 RACES

(There will be 8 races on the 1st Day and 8 races on the 2nd Day)
The First Race will be run at 1.30 p.m. and the First Race run at 2.00 p.m. on both days.

The Secretary's Office at Alexandra House will close at 11.45 a.m. on both days.

MEMBERS' ENCLOSURE

No person without an Admission Badge will be admitted. Admission Badges at \$25.00 each per day are obtainable only on the written introduction of a Member. Admission Badges may be obtained during office hours from the Cash Sweep Offices of the Club at Prince's Building, Ground Floor (facing Statue Square); 5, D'Aguilar Street; King's Road, North Point and 382, Nathan Road. ADMISSION BADGES WILL NOT BE ON SALE AT THE SECRETARY'S OFFICE AND WILL NOT BE AVAILABLE AT THE RACE COURSE ON RACE DAYS.

Admission to the Members' Enclosure can be gained only by the entrance to the Members' Stand and upon production of Badges and Enclosures, which must be worn throughout the duration of the meeting in such a manner as to be readily identified. Members wishing to proceed to Club Boxes on the 4th and 5th Floors of the Public Stand must do so from the 2nd Floor of the Members' Stand, using the lift or stairs.

Apart from the foregoing, Members, their Ladies and Members' Guests are not permitted to enter the Public Enclosure and Stand.

NO CHILDREN under the age of seventeen years (Western Standard) will be admitted to the Club's premises during the Meeting.

Lunches will be obtainable at the Club House if ordered in advance from the No. 1 Box (Tel. 76-2811).

PUBLIC ENCLOSURE

The gates will open at 11.30 a.m. on both days. The price of admission will be \$10.00 each per day payable at the Gate. Admission Badges will be issued and they must be prominently displayed throughout the Meeting. Any person leaving the Enclosure will be required to pay the requisite fee of \$10.00 in order to gain re-admission.

Meals and Refreshments will be available in the Restaurant.

CASH SWEEPS

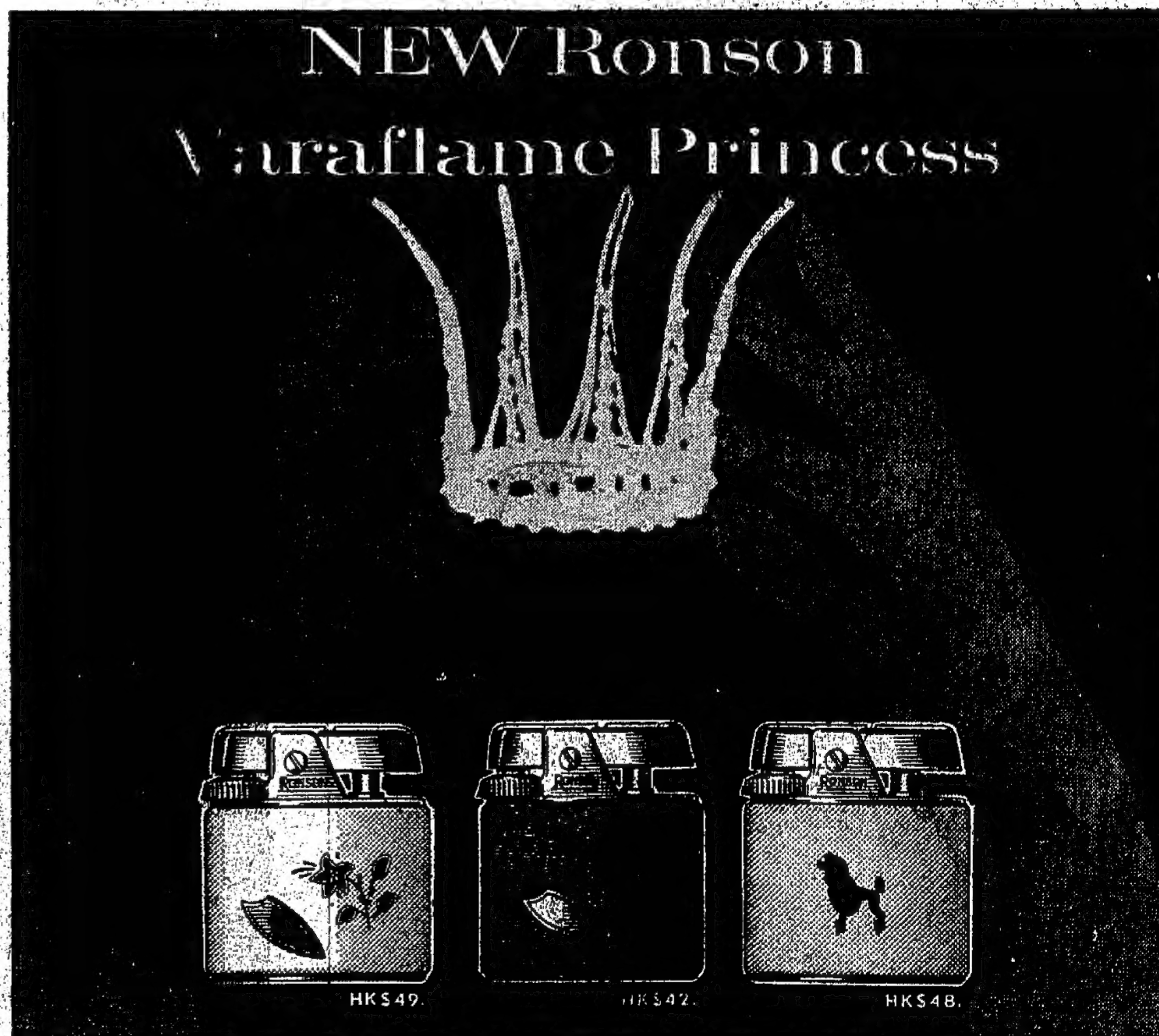
Through Cash Sweep Tickets at \$32.00 each for both days or \$16.00 each per day may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Offices at Prince's Building, Ground Floor (facing State Square); 5, D'Aguilar Street and 382, Nathan Road, Kowloon, during office hours.

Tickets reserved and available but not paid for by 10.00 a.m. on Friday, 24th November, 1961, will be sold and the reservation cancelled for future Meetings.

Cash Sweep Tickets at \$2.00 each for the last race of this meeting may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Offices of the Club.

By Order of the Stewards,
F. D. ANGUS,
Secretary.

Hong Kong, 18th November, 1961.



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